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Saturday Review

JULY 3, 1971/50c

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THE FAILURE OF FEDERAL GUN CONTROL

by CARL BAKAL

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After hours, Tom Connolly goes to the rescue

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Who answers? Tom Connolly, for example. He is a project engineer in Bethlehem's New York steel construction department. Tom and his fellow volunteers in an emergency ambulance squad serve around the clock in the Sewaren and Woodbridge, New Jersey area.

When Tom goes on duty he remains in the ambulance garage until 11 p.m., and then goes home to lie down beside an emergency telephone. When the phone rings, he's off to a scene that is often bloody, sometimes frustrating, and always demanding.

Tom has served for seven years, as medical corpsman, driver, instructor, squad captain, and director. When asked why he chose such a rigorous avocation, he replied: "Because it needs to be done."

Bethlehem Steel can't take credit for Tom Connolly's dedicated work on behalf of his fellow man. But we do take pride in the knowledge that Tom and thousands of men and women in our corporation have social consciences which lead them to volunteer for a variety of community services.

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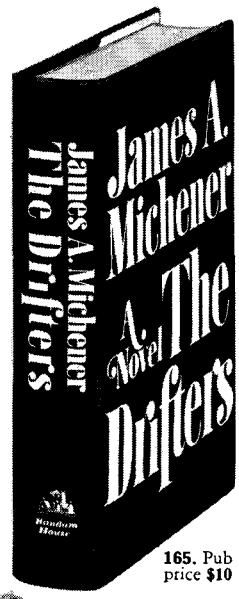

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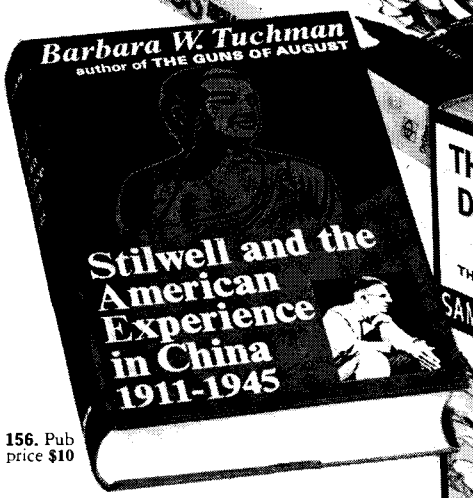

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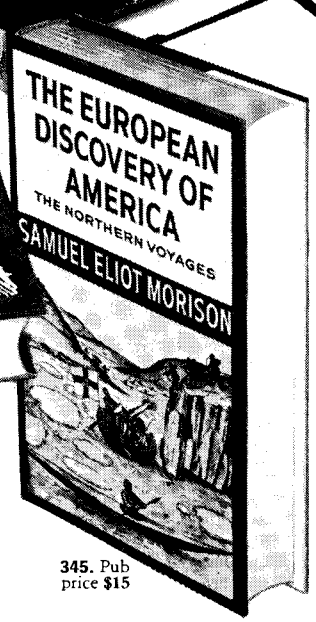

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These days, with museums buying Old Masters for five million dollars and lithographs and etchings bringing prices in the thousands, it is hard to find a bargain in art. Even the prices on art books seem to have skyrocketed. And yet the appetite for beautiful objects seems to be increasing. Everyone wants something handsome to hang on the wall or to display in some way so that it can be looked at and enjoyed.

Last year we began a publishing project that is new for us and, I think, new for the book industry: Photography Portfolios. Each one of these portfolios has eight gravure reproductions of select photographs by one photographer. They are carefully packaged in a slipcase and, of course, are suitable for framing. The first two Portfolios contained the work of Jerry Uelsmann and Leslie Krims. The second two in the series, just published, feature Edward Weston and Arthur Freed.

Each of these photographers has his own world view. Leslie Krims' work is comic and bizarre. Sometimes it is shocking. Jerry Uelsmann leans toward the romantic surreal. Edward Weston is a master interested in texture and design while Arthur Freed tries to open the mind and the camera to the hidden dimensions of everyday objects. Their work is reproduced on good paper and with loving fidelity to the original. Photographers and critics have welcomed this series. Joan Murray, editor of *Art Week*, wrote: "The Portfolios will undoubtedly become collector's items."

I don't know a Hasselblad from a Brownie, but I respond to the imagination and artistry of these photographs. I think you will, too. They are beautiful examples of the medium. Best of all, you don't need to take out a bank loan to own them. The price of each Portfolio of eight detached photographs is $6.95. Less than $1.00 per print. A bargain, indeed, for Modern Masters.

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Jacques-Yves Cousteau describes his new book, an extraordinary report on the undersea struggle for

LIFE AND DEATH IN A CORAL SEA

"For almost forty years now, my friends and I have dived in waters of incredible transparency and explored depths that, until then, were unknown. We have photographed much of this silent world, and shared the beauties and dangers of many expeditions with you . . . both on the television screen and more fully, in a book published last year, THE SHARK.

"In LIFE AND DEATH IN A CORAL SEA, we share more than the fantastic splendors and risks of undersea adventure. For our ship, the *Calypso*, has become a twentieth-century Noah's Ark, and the conclusions I draw from her last and longest voyage are inescapable. *The seas have been poisoned.* The world of coral, which spreads like some great fairyland of beauty and color over much of the earth, is dying. And so I have written this book to awaken as many people as possible to the enormity of the stakes for which man plays when he disturbs the delicate balance of life in the sea.

"Coral *is* life. Atolls and islands *live*—as surely and fully as the brightly colored fish that dart through coral corridors. We have photographed dazzling parrot fish sleeping safely among deadly stinging tentacles; sculptured coral castles coming to life at night and battling, with a million tiny mouths, for a place in the sea; extravagantly camouflaged coral fish performing an elaborate ballet in which the dancers face death with every pirouette. We have captured the beauty of the great coral parasols and cemeteries . . . and the drama of how a reef captures its food and eats it. This is a world so brilliantly colorful that you may find it difficult to believe that the spectacular color displays in this book are all photographs, rather than paintings!

"Most important, we have seen during our explorations what man's 'progress' has meant to the animals that form and inhabit a coral sea. It is my great hope that this record of the *Calypso's* most dramatic voyage may help to avert a disaster in which man will be not only the perpetrator—but also one of the most unfortunate victims."

J-Y Cousteau

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

What in the World!

WHAT's going on here? Hardly a day goes by without some nation popping up with a gesture of friendship toward another nation. Suddenly our world, which has been on a course hell-bent for nuclear destruction, is crowded with talk about "détente."

Having been psyched for a generation or more to accept as an immutable law of nature that all nations will always be at one another's throats, we now ask, "Are we ready for it?" Can we cope with all this *détendre*-ing? Being attuned to daily dosages of *Weltschmerz*, can our systems swallow and digest all these joyous détentes?

Soviet party chief Brezhnev is willing to discuss mutual nuclear disarmament with President Nixon.

Prime Minister Heath confers with President Pompidou about letting Britain join the Common Market.

Premier Kosygin of the U.S.S.R. and Premier Trudeau of Canada agree to a trade treaty.

The United States is now not averse to easing tensions with China and may even allow that country to come into the United Nations.

Golda Meir of Israel congratulates President el-Sadat of Egypt upon his quick putdown of a military coup to take over his government.

And talk about détente, for heaven's sake, even President Nixon and Lyndon Johnson were merrily splitting a barbecued spareribs outside the Johnson Library in Texas. (Inside the library, of course, the QUIET sign is up.)

What are they trying to do to us? After so many years of being conditioned to believe that Russia is out to grab half the world, and China the other half, we are suddenly told it is safe for us to lie down beside the bear and the dragon.

They're taking away all our villains. No more bad guys, only good guys. White hats for everyone!

If this surge of apostasy is permitted to continue unabated, first thing you know it will abolish our Internal Security Committee. Suddenly, in the community of nations, a rash of brotherhood of man may even break out. Followed by converting swords into plowshares and air conditioners and four-slice pop-up toasters and central heating and mercury-less swordfish and three square meals a day for everybody in the world. Moon rocks are OK when everyone is eating.

Can you bear all this buddy-buddy togetherness gathered at the bar of conviviality? Set 'em up, Joe. It's a quarter to doomsday and the drinks are free. A jigger of peace for everyone.

Right on! That is, if you can relax your inbred, rigid suspicions, if you can unbend your inflexible prejudices, if you can lull yourself into the euphoric belief that all nations are part of a world map and that the only coloring is in the geography books. New Hampshire is green, West Virginia is purple, Oklahoma is orange, and so on.

It will take a lot of getting used to. Trying to unravel the ravages of long-held jingoisms. Everybody will be talking to everybody. Except, of course, Mayor Lindsay and Governor Rockefeller.

We have lived so long with bad news, can we take an evening of TV newscasts without the international violence we have been accepting for so many years with chronic apathy? What will it be like without some nation coveting a neighboring nation's territories? Can we adjust to an eight-column banner headline in *The New York Times*, COOLER TOMORROW FOLLOWED BY RAIN?

What will it be like? Well, for one thing, gone will be the hot-tempered arguments about "immoral" wars, declared or undeclared. ("Didn't he campaign on the promise that he had a plan to end the war?" "Yes, but if he had told us the plan would take three years and 20,000 more boys, would he have been elected?") No more of that.

Our concentration now will be on domestic problems and the upcoming campaign to elect leaders who can best resolve our difficulties. Instead of being hell-bent for destruction, we will be hell-bent for election.

So distracted was I by all the threatening foreign crises during the last election, and so heavyhearted, that I became a registered non-voter. In all the polls where you saw the column "Undecided," I was there.

But now, with the weight of the world suddenly lifted off our backs, we turn to our own blights—pollution, inflation, unemployment, drug addiction, racial discrimination—little things like that.

Time now to make our country the "more perfect" Union that our Founding Fathers conceived 195 years ago this week. These plagues will be, must be, eliminated. By the grace of God. And Ralph Nader.

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Edited by Martin Levin

Notes on High Journalism

1) The article shall at all times be referred to as "the piece."

2) An italicized extract from *Alice in Wonderland* is recommended but not mandatory. Quotations from authors other than Lewis Carroll may be used on occasion.

3) The lead sentence shall begin with the words "It is, perhaps," and continue for no less than 100 words. Its content preferably should consist of an elevated thought about Mankind, Life, or the World.

4) The second sentence may begin with the word "Indeed," or in certain cases "Thus," and its content may draw specific inferences from the lead. Under no circumstances, however, may the actual subject of the piece be revealed before the third paragraph.

5) Throughout the piece these locutions shall be interspersed: "surely," "of course," "be that as it may," "after all," in addition to "perhaps," "indeed," and "thus." The archaism "in fine" shall be used no more than once per piece.

6) The writing shall conform to what is popularly known as "*New Yorker* style"—more accurately, the prose manner of Washington Irving. It is considered that turn-of-the-century (the eighteenth century, of course) bellettrists are the most ideally qualified to comment detachedly upon this unmannerly age.

7) It shall be borne in mind that the purpose of High Journalism is not so much to inform as to civilize.

—MICHAEL KERNAN.

Memories of an Old Soldier

IT'S NO FUN to be a prophet without honor in the military affairs of one's country. As far back as 1943 I said that the life of the American GI was downright undignified, and twenty-eight years later the Army has come to the same conclusion. Commanding officers have been told to eliminate "unnecessary, irritating, and unreasonable demands on the time and effort of our soldiers" and to "open the door continuously to individuals in their units."

How well I remember being inducted into the Army at Camp Lee and discovering that the daily routine lacked even the most meager amenities. We enlisted men had no private bedrooms; we all slept in one long barracks. We had to get up early and stand in formation while a bugler played reveille. The tables in the mess hall had no tablecloths, and frequently we were assigned to work in the kitchen washing dishes, scrubbing pots, and separating the garbage into two categories: "food" and "other."

We were also ordered out several times a day to "police the area," a menial task that involved picking up, as First Sergeant Benson phrased it, "everything that don't grow." Even today, across the years, I can hear Sergeant Benson's hearty reminder that he only wanted to see "asses and elbows," which may give some indication of the regard in which he held us.

Yet, however we might object to these duties, which many of the men found irritating and unreasonable, it did no good to complain to anyone in higher authority. For instance, if one of us grumbled about the simple lack of rugs or curtains in the barracks,

Sergeant Benson would respond in the most crude and negative manner, discouraging further protest.

He was equally hostile to requests for even a brief pass that would enable us to spend a Saturday seeing the sights of Richmond or meeting with our loved ones. "You can take your weekend pass," Sergeant Benson would say, "and . . . ." But there is no need at this late date to cite the precise words in which he couched his suggestion. Suffice it that our requests were never granted; in fact, I still hold it against Sergeant Benson that I never did see Richmond.

Well, one night when some of us enlisted men were chaffing about these affronts, I spoke up and said: "Look here, chaps, this will never do. Mark my word, the day will come when every man jack in the Army will have his own cubicle to sleep in, complete with curtains and rug and a drink to wet his whistle in the long and lonely watches of the night. Furthermore, there will be an end to this drudgery in the mess hall, this ceaseless toiling with steel wool to rid our utensils of grease and grime, this rooting about in the kitchen midden to classify the wretched refuse of our meals."

They joshed me, I remember, and said I was nothing but a visionary, an idle dreamer positing a military utopia. "You're nothing but a visionary,"

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jeered Sam Nalawansky from the bunk above. "Military utopia!" ventured Jack Roby from across the aisle, where he was polishing his foot locker in anticipation of a white-glove inspection by Captain Daggett.

"You, Roby," I said, "will be liberated from such niggling chores as the one in which you are engaged at this very moment, namely, removing a film of dust that is not readily visible to the naked eye."

"Fat chance," he retorted, with his usual gift for the felicitous phrase, and I recall thinking how men of Roby's keen intellect were being wasted by the Army.

"I also predict," I went on, "that there will be no more signing out and signing in. There will be no more bed check."

"Bosh!" came a cry from the communal latrine at the far end of the room, mingled with other phrases of derision, such as "So's your old man!"

Their gibes stung, frankly, but I persisted. "I see a day when there will be a higher tribunal to sift our gripes, when Army commanders will open the door continuously to individuals in their units. I see long hair, sideburns, a leisurely whisky at the cocktail hour. I see the systematic weeding out of undesirables."

But it was useless to proceed. The fellows hooted me down—they said that if undesirables were weeded out, nobody would be left—and I resolved never to raise the matter again. Indeed, in the three subsequent years, as fortune tossed me across the fertile crescent of North Africa, over the wine-dark Mediterranean, and up the spiny Apennines, I noticed no improvement in our living conditions, nor were we ever able to inform Colonel McCloskey that he was making irritating and unreasonable demands on our time and effort. By the time the war ended, I had "had it," and when the moment came to be discharged in the fall of 1945, I leaped at the chance to return to civilian life.

How foolish that seems now: the impetuous act of a lad who didn't have enough faith in his own vision to wait and see it come true. Today, as I read of all the reforms that General Westmoreland has ordered—the very improvements that I foretold a quarter century ago—I feel a stab of regret that I got out of the Army, for it sounds like the most wonderful life. Yet, I am now too old to enlist. I sit by the fire, puffing on the corncob that was my faithful companion from Port Lyautey to the Po Valley, riffling through my old copies of *Yank*, just another ex-soldier bitter over opportunities missed and forever beyond recall.

—WILLIAM ZINSSER.

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London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

From Denmark, with Love

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO in Denmark a little book for schoolchildren was published. It had a paper cover lacquered red. Reasonably enough, it was titled *Den lille røde bog for skoleever*. Editions also have been published in six other continental countries. Now a translated version, *The Little Red Schoolbook*, has been published in England, but it has not had much distribution because the courts are in process of deciding whether or not it is obscene.

It is indeed quite a small item, just 5" x 3½", well-printed, cozy to handle. It contains 208 pages. It offers a great deal of information. It is priced at 30p, which in American currency amounts to 72 cents.

Here in England the book was issued under the auspices of an outfit called stage 1. The same firm has on its list *Fidel Castro: Major Speeches* and *Che Guevara: Socialism and Man in Cuba*. Lest such titles automatically create a negative reaction on the part of conservatives, it should be pointed out that in their defense against the charge of obscenity the publishers are voluntarily being joined by a group of old, very reputable, well-established book firms.

There has been a bit of a pother here, stirred up by some educators and parents who feel that *The Little Red Schoolbook* is—well, let us say *salty*. Because the authors of the book, who wrote it for the guidance of children, have not indicated what age the children are supposed to be, I visited the publishing office — two squalid little rooms over a butcher's shop on Theobalds Road—and asked the question. "We'd say it's for children," I was told, "from the age of twelve and upward."

The obscenity charge, it seems fair to assume, is based on a section headed, understandably enough, "Sex." It sets forth numerous facts that are not altogether shrouded in mystery, such as that words like "penis" and "vagina" are preferred by grown-ups, who consider rude the other words more vulgarly substituted. Each of the other two words, as you needn't be reminded, begins with "c" and has four letters. Is that clear? The book makes it completely clear.

Among other things—so *many* other things—explained in the sex section is what happens when a boy becomes sexually excited. It emphasizes that boys and girls masturbate, tells how, in detail, and says that some kids do it several times a week and others several times a day. "Grown-ups do it too. If anybody tells you it's harmful, they're [*sic*] lying. If anybody tells you you must not do it too much, they're lying too, because you can't do it too much."

The loquacious lexicographer Samuel Johnson once observed that babies do not want to hear about babies. "They like to be told," he said "of giants and castles, and of somewhat which can stretch and stimulate their little minds." Dr. Sam notwithstanding, everybody knows that boys and girls who are as old as twelve certainly want only straight-from-the-shoulder stuff. They want to hear, for example, about everything that happens during intercourse, which *The Little Red Schoolbook* tells them in no uncertain terms.

Naturally, as some of you may hope, the sex section describes minutely the various forms of contraceptives and adds, "There ought to be one or several contraceptive machines in every school. If your school refuses to install one, get together with some friends and start your own contraceptive shop."

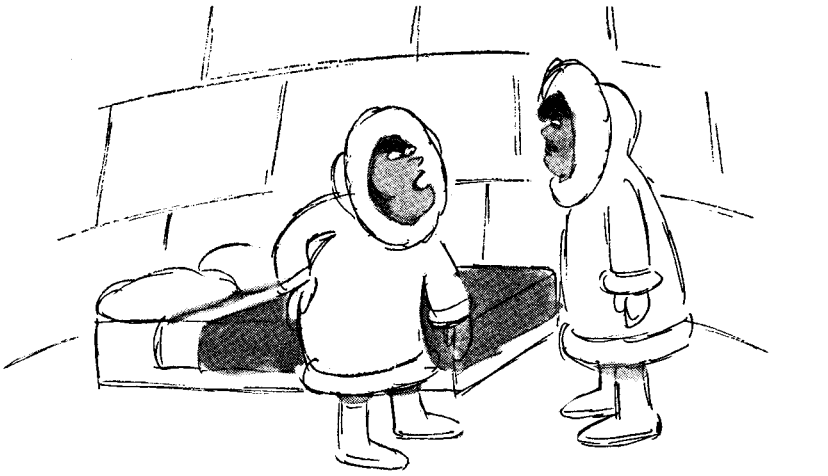
Pornography, *The Little Red Schoolbook* declares, is a harmless pleasure. Indeed, "You may get some good ideas from it and you may find something which looks interesting and that you haven't tried before." As for "dirty old men," it seems children used to be told they were dangerous. "This is very rarely true. They're just men who have nobody to sleep with." Which is rather sad, isn't it?

So much for that. The bulk of the book is devoted largely to ways and means by which children can, in effect, take education into their own little hands. And it does have, Allah be praised, a constructive section on the harmful effects of drugs.

The Little Red Schoolbook asserts that education, right from the beginning, is controlled by monied interests. It says that business, because it needs comparatively few well-educated people, tries to turn out just enough of the people it will need and leave all the others, less well-educated, "to do the donkey work." The introduction into classrooms of slides, tape recorders, and pictures means that teachers are sometimes just trying to persuade pupils to work on things that don't interest them or that will be completely useless to them after they have left school. "This is called 'motivation.' A better word for it might be 'bait.'" I'm glad *that* matter has been cleared up, because I never wholly trusted Mr. Degan, in 5-A, geography, who kept a stereopticon on his desk and used to show us scenes of the South African veld, with zebras and lions galumphing around stark naked.

The Little Red Schoolbook notes, somewhat disapprovingly, that the authorities feel teachers should be particularly respectable citizens. "They are not expected to get drunk in public or to have open affairs with other teachers' husbands or wives."

Weren't you, in elementary school, always irritated because you were supposed to call Mr. Jones *Mister* Jones? It's different now. "If you want to call a teacher by his first name, just start doing so and carry on doing so until it has become a habit for all of you." On the whole, if children don't like the way things are going, if the "authorities" are slow about giving in to demands or refuse to give in at all, "it



—*Mario Risso*

"How many times must I tell you to put anti-freeze in the waterbed?"

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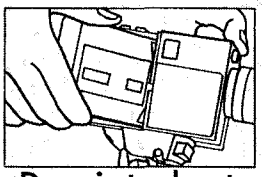
may be necessary to take other steps such as demonstrations or strikes." Nevertheless, there is a word of caution: "You should be aware that this is the most drastic method of all, and you should be prepared to get punished. On the other hand," continues the good little book, "the more of you there are behind a demonstration, the smaller the punishment and the better the prospect of success will be."

And don't forget this, little fella: "You are a person in your own right. In the end you are accountable only to yourself for your own actions." Yes, indeedy. "Maybe you smoke pot or go to bed with your boyfriend or girlfriend—and don't tell your parents or teachers, either because you don't dare to or just because you want to keep it secret." What then? Well, don't feel ashamed or guilty: "lots of these things will be more important to you later in life than the things that are 'approved of.'"

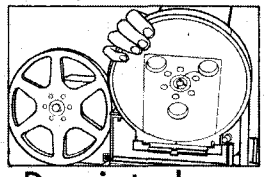
In a section that considers "early specialization"—which subjects to avoid, which to choose—the statement is made that "very few children can really know at the age of thirteen or fourteen which subjects are going to be most useful to them or most interesting. . . . And the fact that large numbers of university students don't really know what they want to do even after they have finished their courses suggests that it's idiotic to expect children of thirteen, fourteen, or even fifteen to know what *they* want to do." I suggested, during my visit to stage 1, that there seemed to be some inconsistency here, what with doubts about the ability of children of these ages to form their own judgments on whether a technical subject should be chosen in preference to a language, when so much other judgment was attributed to them regarding the competence of teachers, the administration of schools, indulgence in sex, and the right to defy. I was told—after a slight pause—that there is no inconsistency at all, that the expressed doubt about judgment did indeed apply only to the business of deciding on subjects for use in later life.

In the introduction to the British edition, it is reported that an American edition is also being planned. It is for this reason I have gone into some small detail about *The Little Red Schoolbook*. I think all my friends at home should be on the watch for it, and immediately on publication should rush out to buy all the copies they can for all the youngsters they know. Thus may children be better prepared, when they are a mite older, to introduce total anarchy into our country. The fundamental lessons are all here.

BE A DROP-IN



Drop in to shoot.



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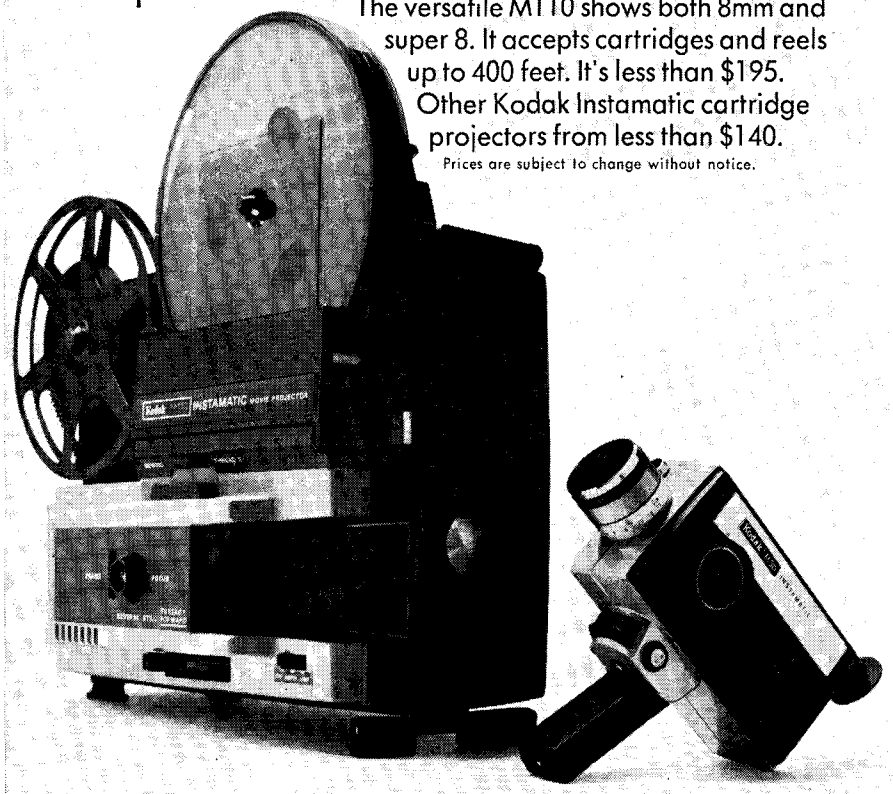

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Billboard of the Week—via Evelyn West of Los Angeles, who saw it on L.A.'s Occidental Presbyterian Church:

READ YOUR BIBLE. IT WILL
SCARE THE HELL OUT OF YOU

And, the way we see it, it's not just for Los Angeles, either, it's for the whole damn nation. Meanwhile, from Art Rangno, there was religious news, too, in the Durango, Colorado, *Herald*, over the controversy about having, in St. Matthias's Church, altar *girls*:

> Thomas Kelly, 13, an altar boy, said, "It's all right to have girls. I don't have any objections, but some of the boys seriously object. They say that if they can serve Mass, then why can't they be drafted?"

Altar lib or altar ego?

Sign of the Week—via John L. Davidson, Jr., concerning accommodations for the American Hospital Association's convention:

American Society of Hospital Public Relations Directors	Sheraton-Chicago
American Society for Hospital Purchasing Agents	Conrad Hilton
Blue Cross Association	Palmer House
Psychiatric Hospital Section	Playboy Towers

Honest, Doc, I dreamed I was a rabbit. Finally, our Essay of the Week is one that came to us from Mrs. Hattie Glenn, supervisor of the Jefferson County public schools, of Louisville, Kentucky. The essay was written by sixth-grader Dan Macy in Mrs. Virginia Kuhn's class:

MY FAVORITE HERO

I consider my father as my favorite hero because he's the person that I know best, he loves me for what I am, and he corrects me when I do something wrong. I know my father better than I know anyone else, excepting my mother, and other members of our family. I should know my father because I have been with him all my life and I love him very much. He loves me for what I am and for what I have been. He cares for my family and me by bringing home the wages for our food, shelter, and clothing. Whenever I do something wrong he corrects me no matter how small or large the wrongdoing is. If it is a big wrongdoing he corrects me with a big correction and if it is a small wrongdoing, he corrects me with a small correction. In my mind he is my idol and I hope to be just like him when I reach adultry.

Thou shalt not, we decided, commit a comment.

One of the reasons for the failure of legal efforts to block the June 13 closed-circuit bullfight in Madison Square Garden was, of all incredible things, the lack of books against the bullfight. Bullfight books abound, it seems, but not so books about the cruelty of something that is, after all, banned by law in every state of the Union and in all but a handful of countries around the world. Since we are engaged in writing such a book, the situation will, we

"Do Jack and Jill still live together?"

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hope, shortly be at least partially rectified—but meanwhile one has to contend with people brought up on a whole one-sided library shelf of such eminent authors as Hemingway, Tom Lea, Robert Ruark, Norman Mailer, James Michener, etc. The writers who don't like the bullfight don't, it seems, write about it.

And the people who don't like it don't go to it. Even Mr. E. William Henry, chairman of Management Television Systems, which put on the fight, admitted attendance was "disappointing." Ironically, Mr. Henry is the former chairman of the FCC and the man to whom humanitarians uselessly appealed, during his tenure on the FCC, to get bullfighting off the air. In any case, Mr. Henry did a yeoman job of trying to promote his bullfight. "Attendance," he said in his prepared publicity statement, "is entirely voluntary" —which was certainly big of him and also remarkable since, preceding his promotion, Mr. Henry told us that he himself had never seen a bullfight. "To make public derogatory statements," Mr. Henry's rogatory statement went on, "about an important aspect of the culture of friendly nations, including our neighbor to the South, is in extremely bad taste." His concern was touching. "Brave bulls die," Mr. Henry's statement concluded, "a valient death." We presume the release meant valiant, but of even this we are not sure.

During the altercation, Mr. Henry offered, through an emissary, to give The Fund for Animals a large supply of food for the shelters it serves both here and abroad if we would call off our bullfight fight. We declined. We also received, however, an offer from Barnaby Conrad, one of Mr. Henry's employees for the fight, of a $5,000 check to be given to The Fund for Animals if we would get into the ring with a calf. This we accepted.

With the aid of a dedicated humanitarian, Mr. Edward Walsh, Jr., we battled with, among others, the FCC, Comsat, Madison Square Garden, Western Union International, the Attorney General of New York, and the Long Lines Division of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—the last protesting that, though it was sympathetic to our cause, it was merely a carrier. We remember best our interview with Al Cooperman of Madison Square Garden (Mr. Irving Felt, of Felt Forum fame, apparently felt too badly to attend). "The Garden is only a lessor," Mr. Cooperman told us. "I can't get into this, because it's not a question of taste." He paused. "These things are tricky," he said earnestly. "We had a lot of trouble about the Rolling Stones."

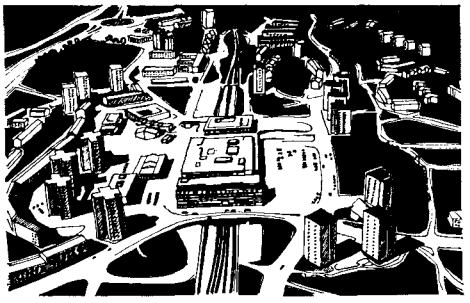
We also had a relatively friendly battle with a man named Lucius Battle of Comsat. "Comsat isn't even a carrier," Mr. Battle told us. "We are a carrier's carrier." We told Mr. Battle that we had located a country where prostitution was wide open, and that we intended to take cameras in and carry it, via Comsat, to closed-circuit areas where prostitution is against the law. We were, of course, counting on him for a quotation that Comsat as a carrier's carrier would have no objection to our plans. Mr. Battle said he would like to consult his lawyer. Frankly, we didn't blame him.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1942)

WALTER SCOTT:

PERSONALITY PARADE

Fred Allen had a . . . marvelous description of Hollywood . . . "It's a great place," Allen . . . wrote, "if you're an orange. You can take all the sincerity in Hollywood and put it in a flea's navel, and there'd still be enough room for three caraway seeds and an agent's heart."



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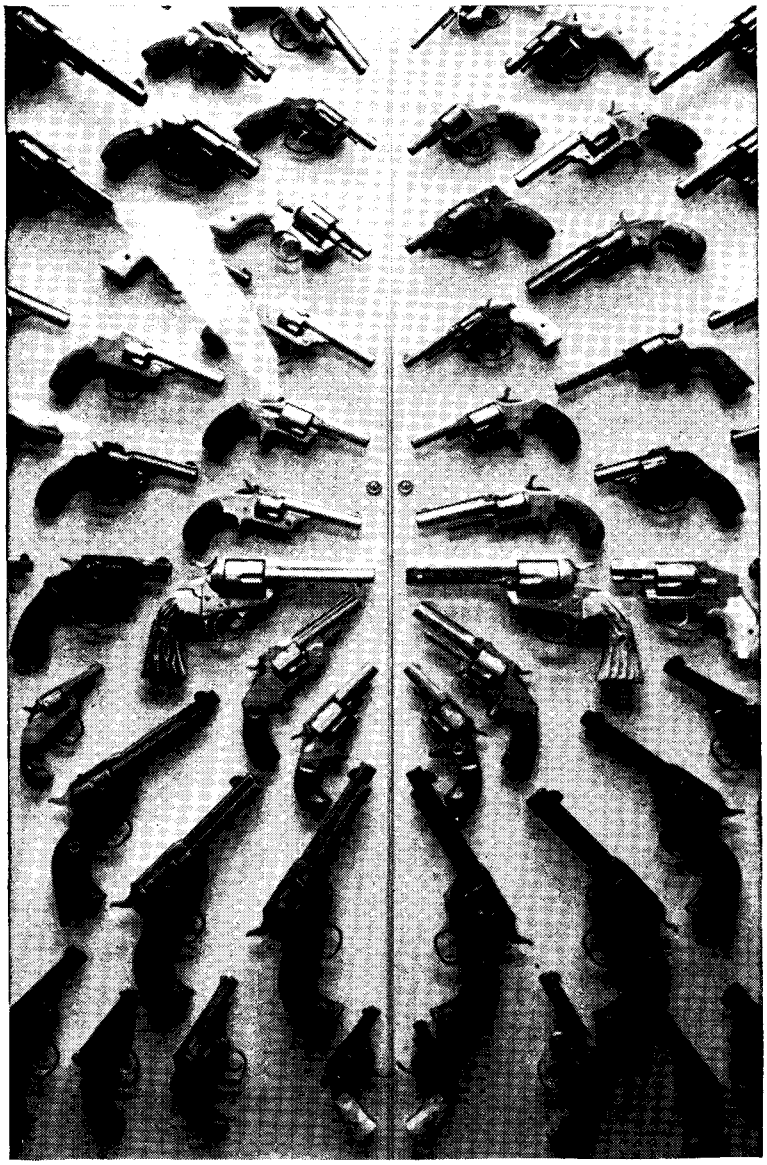
The Failure Of Federal Gun Control



—Donald McCullin, Magnum

by CARL BAKAL

In the wake of the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert F. Kennedy, Congress enacted the Gun Control Act of 1968 to "provide for better control of the interstate traffic in firearms." Signed by President Lyndon B. Johnson on October 22, 1968, and dated to take effect on December 16, the landmark measure was the first federal gun control legislation of any consequence passed in three decades.

The new law virtually bans the interstate and mail-order shipment of firearms to individuals and forbids over-the-counter gun sales to minors. It also prohibits the possession of guns by convicted criminals and certain undesirables, and bars the importation of those cheap, concealable foreign handguns responsible for so much murder and mayhem in this country.

Yet, it is scarcely more difficult to get a gun today than it was before the new law went into effect two-and-a-half years ago. Almost anyone—even a murderer, a madman, an addict, an alcoholic, or another potential assassin—can still easily buy some sort of gun, including a $265.85 Remington deer rifle of the type used to kill the Reverend Dr. King and a $6 Iver Johnson pistol like the one involved in the murder of Senator Kennedy.

In fact, during recent years, there has been a sharp increase in the sale of guns and particularly handguns, which, though comprising only about a quarter of the roughly ninety million privately owned firearms thought to be in this country (some authorities put the figure as high as 200 million), now account for half of all our homicides and three-quarters of all firearms homicides. Whereas the annual sale of shotguns and rifles has doubled since 1963, the sale of handguns, few of which are usable for sporting purposes, has quadrupled, according to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, which notes that drastic increases in gun purchases occur in areas that have experienced civil disorders. With twenty-four million handguns already in private hands, an additional two-and-a-half million are being manufactured domestically or imported every year. Today, one new handgun is sold in the United States every thirteen seconds, and used handguns are being traded at the rate of more than two a minute.

In Dallas, gun dealers say their handgun sales have more than doubled since the Gun Control Act of 1968 went into effect. "Before the gun law was passed, we were selling seventy-five to one hundred guns a month," says one dealer. "Now we average two hundred and fifty to three hundred sales a month." And Dallas District Attorney

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CARL BAKAL, a leading authority on gun control, is the author of *The Right to Bear Arms* (in paperback, *No Right to Bear Arms*).

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Henry Wade says, "If the gun law is having any effect, I can't tell what it is."

"I don't think that the gun law has cut down the availability any," says Jamie Moore, chief of police in Birmingham, Alabama, a state in which one dealer alone reported that his sales had tripled during the first six months the law was in effect.

Inevitably, crimes committed with guns across the nation have also shown a sharp increase. Armed robbery with guns increased from 99,000 in 1968 to 115,000 in 1969; aggravated assaults by gun increased from 65,000 to 73,000 and murder by gun from 8,900 to 9,400. Coincidentally, our 9,400 firearms homicides in 1969 equaled exactly the number of Americans killed in combat in Vietnam that year. When you add the nearly 3,000 annual domestic fatal victims of firearms accidents and the 10,500 gun suicides here, the total of our annual home-front firearms fatalities now amounts to 23,000—or, in a *single* year, more than one-half of all the combat deaths the U.S. military has suffered during our entire decade in Vietnam.

What is the reason for all this? What has happened to the law that was supposed to curtail this growing glut of guns and to "provide support to federal, state, and local law enforcement officials in their fight against crime and violence"?

The fact is that the Gun Control Act of 1968, although well-intended and widely heralded as a major step forward, is a sadly inadequate compromise law, one riddled with as many holes as a marksman's target. For example, a provision of the act did indeed stop the importation of the snub-nosed pistols and revolvers known as "Saturday night specials"—cheap, concealable guns of the kind that no sportsman and few police officers would want. Retailing for anywhere from $30 to $15 or even less, they had been coming into the United States (largely from West Germany, Italy, and Spain) at the rate of 750,000 a year, and were a favorite of the criminal, being used in no less than 50 per cent of all crimes involving guns, according to the National Commission on Violence.

However, the new law, while banning the importation of these guns, did not prohibit the importation of their *parts*. Hence, thanks to Yankee ingenuity, a quaint new "cottage industry" has sprung up in this country. Enterprising former importers have been assembling Saturday night specials here using parts from abroad and cheap local labor—in Miami, Cuban refugees are paid about $1.90 an hour—working in makeshift factories such as converted garages and even a church. In addition, some domestic manufacturers are producing these cheap handguns from parts made exclusively in the United States. As a result, total domestic production of these guns during 1970 was estimated to be about one million—or far more than the annual flow of foreign guns that the 1968 law was supposed to stop.

"Today, one new handgun is sold in the United States every thirteen seconds, and used handguns are being traded at the rate of more than two a minute."

In any number of specialized gun magazines or newspapers sold by subscription or on newsstands you can see mail-order advertisements for these guns, which therefore soon find their way to almost every part of our country.

But doesn't the Gun Control Act prohibit the interstate mail-order sale of these and other guns? Yes, an individual on his own cannot purchase or sell a gun across state lines. But there are no federal restrictions on gun shipments between licensed *dealers* in different states. Hence, if a person who lives in one state wishes to buy a gun available in another state, he can place an order for it through a federally licensed dealer in his home state. The dealer who has the gun then sends it to the dealer in the purchaser's state of residence. The purchaser can then pick up the gun from the dealer in his home state.

Under the act, any resident of a state can purchase a gun anywhere in his state provided he meets specified minimum age requirements (twenty-one for handguns and eighteen for long guns) and is not under indictment or has not been convicted of a crime punishable by more than a year's imprisonment. Nor can he be a fugitive from justice, a narcotics addict or unlawful user of drugs, an adjudged or committed mental incompetent, or anyone else otherwise disqualified from gun ownership by state or local law. However, the federal law provides no foolproof way for gun dealers to check the background of a would-be purchaser or, for that matter, even to determine whether the person they are selling to is just who he says he is. A driver's license is usually considered sufficient identification to establish a person's name, address, and age. And so, any proscribed person can easily get a gun, as well as ammunition for it, by presenting false credentials or by simply lying. Another gaping loophole in the 1968 law is that any legal purchaser of a gun can, with virtually no risk of federal prosecution, resell or give it in his own state to virtually any other individual—a friend, a neighbor, even a total stranger, no matter how unsavory his background.

Aren't there state laws to screen out such persons? Unfortunately, most state gun laws are inadequate, nonexistent, or unenforceable. No states have any licensing laws that really restrict the purchase and possession of rifles or shotguns, and few states have any meaningful laws that apply to handguns. In fact, eight states have no law against felons buying firearms, and in thirty-five states lunatics can legally own guns. The National Commission on Violence rated New York, Massachusetts, and perhaps New Jersey as the only states with restrictive handgun licensing laws that are strictly enforced. The commission also noted that of the estimated twenty-four million handguns in this country, only about three to five million were covered by records maintained by the states. Yet, the new federal law has left it largely to the states to carry the burden of dealing with the menace of the handgun.

To safeguard themselves against the shortcomings of our ineffectual federal and state laws, a number of munic-

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"The total of our annual home-front firearms fatalities now amounts to 23,000—or, in a single year, more than one-half of all the combat deaths the U.S. military has suffered during our entire decade in Vietnam."

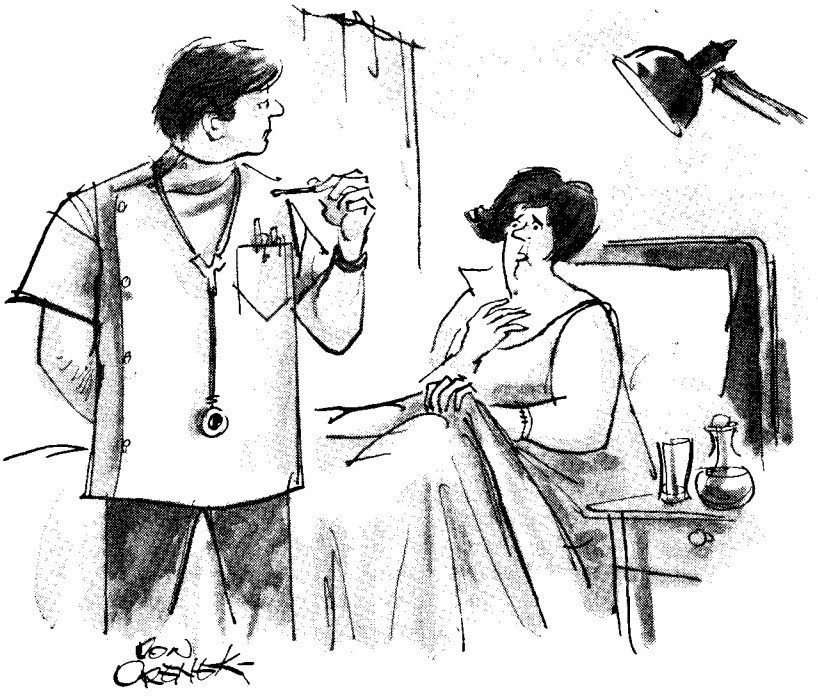
[illegible]alities, during the past few years, have enacted laws of their own aimed at restricting the sale of firearms and ammunition to their residents. For example, in 1965 Philadelphia passed an ordinance much stricter than the permissive Pennsylvania handgun licensing law. The tolerant state law imposed on would-be handgun purchasers only the minor inconvenience of having to wait forty-eight hours for delivery after filling out a perfunctory application form. But applicants were not required to furnish fingerprints or photographs; thus, no meaningful check could be made for a criminal record. On the other hand, under the city ordinance, those wishing to purchase any type of gun—shotguns and rifles as well as handguns—would have to apply for a police permit, furnishing fingerprints, photographs, and the firearm's serial number.

What effect has the ordinance had? From 1965 to 1969, criminal homicides in Philadelphia increased 32 per cent. However, this was far below the 47 per cent rise across the nation as a whole during the same period. Significantly, only 44 per cent of Philadelphia's murders in 1969 involved guns, slightly above the 43 per cent in 1965, whereas the average for the nation increased from 57 per cent in 1965 to 65 per cent in 1969. Perhaps even more noteworthy is the fact that during the six years the ordinance has been in effect permits have been denied to 779 persons out of a total of 27,858 would-be gun purchasers. Among the 779 prevented from purchasing guns locally have been 123 burglars, 48 robbers, 121 persons with convictions for aggravated assault and battery, 16 rapists, 7 habitual drunks, 15 narcotics addicts, 96 people with previous records for illegally carrying concealed and deadly weapons, 27 persons convicted of intent to kill—and 12 murderers.

The experience of Toledo, Ohio, has been equally dramatic. Only a few years ago, that city of 375,000 was known as the gun capital of the Midwest. Firearms of all kinds could be bought there not only at gun shops but at jewelry stores, supermarkets, and gasoline stations—with no questions asked—in contrast to the situation in Michigan, which requires a permit of sorts for the purchase of handguns. It is no wonder that the great majority of the guns used in the 1967 Detroit riots came from nearby cities in such neighboring states as Ohio; indeed, many of the guns came from Toledo, only an hour away. A 1968 survey showed that of the 13,000 handguns sold by one Toledo dealer during a nine-month period no fewer than 5,448 went to Michigan residents.

In spite of repeated appeals from Toledo officials, the Ohio Legislature for years refused to enact a law that would control the unrestricted traffic in firearms. Finally, in August 1968, the Toledo City Council enacted an ordinance of its own that had been drafted by the city's chief counsel, John J. Burkhart. Aimed especially at the Saturday night specials, the ordinance requires anyone in the city who owns or wishes to obtain a handgun to have an ID card (cost: $3). The cards, which are valid for three years, are issued to all applicants except minors under twenty-one, known fugitives, certified mental cases, narcotics addicts, habitual drunkards, and those with serious felony records.

In the twelve-month period prior to the passage of the ordinance, thirty-four murders were commited in Toledo, twenty-two of them, or 61 per cent, with handguns. Two years later, during the twelve-month period ending July 1970, the number of murders had dropped to twenty-six, fourteen of them, or 53 per cent, with handguns, this in the face of a sharp increase in the number of murders across the nation. Robberies and aggravated assaults involving handguns showed an equally dramatic drop. While crediting these decreases to all of the city's recently intensified efforts to reduce crime, Chief Counsel Burkhart, noting that half the gun outlets in town have gone out of business, observes, "The new gun law and the resultant greater unavailability of guns locally cannot help but be a big factor."



"But I just can't go home today, Dr. Brooks. I've got visitors booked for the next two days."

Since Louisville, Kentucky, enacted its ordinance requiring an eight-day waiting period to buy a handgun, armed robberies in that city have declined 9.5 per cent and assaults with firearms have also decreased. However, in other cities—such as Washington, D.C., New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Miami Beach—that have also enacted firearms ordinances of various kinds during the past few years, the effect of the laws is not yet so readily apparent, for one thing, because of the absence of equally stringent laws in surrounding or other nearby jurisdictions. For example, in commenting on Washington's strict law, which requires the registration of all firearms and limits ammunition purchases only to holders of registration certificates, Chief of Police Jerry V. Wilson says, "The only effect that

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"The administration has played a not inconsequential role in the relentless efforts of the gun lobby to emasculate the 1968 act through the stratagem of having its provisions repealed bit by bit."

this ordinance has had is that it has forced people to buy firearms in the suburbs."

Evidence to this effect comes from a 1969 Senate Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee study of 177 sales of ammunition to District of Columbia residents—by gun dealers in nearby Maryland. An FBI check showed that at least sixty-six, or 37 per cent, of the ammunition purchasers had criminal arrest records. The study showed that ammunition was sold to persons convicted of such crimes as murder, armed robbery, assault, assault with a dangerous weapon, grand larceny, rape, and housebreaking, as well as to persons with a total of 203 arrests for misdemeanors—136 of them drunk charges.

Speaking for New York, Mayor John V. Lindsay says, "Our city is proud of its significant role in enacting firearms control legislation. But we are only one city, and the problem of gun trafficking is one that cuts across city and state boundaries." And a New York City police captain comments, "Hell, you can drive to Virginia, only two hundred and fifty miles away, and see signs in hardware stores that say 'Hand-guns for sale; no restrictions.' "

In New York City, 83 per cent of a sample of handguns confiscated by the police were found to have been acquired outside the state. Similarly, in Massachusetts, where there are also strict gun controls, a ten-year study by the state police traced 87 per cent of the guns used in crimes in that state to purchases in other states.

Even today, it is quite simple for a Toledo resident—or anyone who *says* he is a Toledo resident—to circumvent his city's ordinance. To prove this for myself, I recently visited a large shopping center just one mile outside of Toledo's city limits. On display there, in addition to the customary food, clothing, furniture, and other usual household sundries, was a showcase filled with an array of glittering handguns. I selected a Harrington & Richardson Model 622 six-shot revolver, which was priced at $32.82. Before writing up the sale, the clerk, in accordance with the requirements of the 1968 federal law, asked me to show identification establishing that I was an Ohio resident and over twenty-one. I pulled out a driver's license that I had borrowed from a Toledo friend. (It could just as well have been stolen.) The physical description on it bore no resemblance whatever to me. Had I decided to complete the transaction, I could have walked out and performed whatever mischief I wished.

Yet, it is reasonable to assume that any law, no matter how limited in scope, that prevents or makes it more difficult for dangerous or potentially dangerous persons to acquire firearms must have at least *some* effect. Belying charges, too, that gun laws are generally ineffective because criminals who want guns badly enough will go outside the law to get them anyway is the experience not only of Philadelphia but of New Jersey, which, in August 1966, enacted a unique statewide law comparable to the Philadelphia ordinance. During the first two years the New Jersey law was in effect, approximately 7 per cent of the applicants for permits were found to have criminal records. In California, in a single year, police checks of gun dealer records thwarted 806 would-be purchasers—697 of them ex-convicts, seventy-four narcotics addicts, twenty-seven aliens, and eight minors.

Every reliable study indicates that where gun control laws are most stringent, the murder rate, as well as the percentage of murders involving firearms, is lower than in areas where gun laws are weak or non-existent and which, hence, have a greater number of guns per capita. Contrary to popular belief, New York City, despite its rising incidence of crime, actually ranked only tenth among the nation's fifteen largest metropolitan areas in 1969 in number of homicides per 100,000 population, according to FBI data. Philadelphia, also with a strict gun law, ranked eleventh, and Chicago seventh. Even the District of Columbia ranked as far down as sixth. At a rate of 9.4 violent deaths per 100,000 inhabitants, New York stood far behind Houston's 16.8, St. Louis's 14.3, Cleveland's 13.8, Baltimore's 13.4, and the 13.0 rate for Detroit —all cities with weak, if any, gun laws.

There is a similar correlation between state gun laws and homicides. New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey, which have the strictest gun laws in the nation, are also among our most densely populated states (ranking among the top five) and have a high ethnic mix as well as other of the factors that, according to the FBI, should make for a high incidence of crime. Yet, in terms of murder rates, all three states rank fairly low, New York twenty-third in the nation. As to the percentage of murders committed by firearms, the three states are among the five lowest of our fifty states. On the other hand, Alaska, our most sparsely

(*Continued on page* 49)

"At that point, I leaped to my feet and in a ringing voice cried, 'Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, if I am guilty, then we are all guilty!' "

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The Pentagon Papers

Across the nation, and indeed across the world, people are caught up in a storm of controversy touched off by the unauthorized publication of Pentagon papers on Vietnam by *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. Public attention, however, is not directed to the legalities being argued before the courts. The reason for the explosive interest in the case is a general sense that the government is being effectively challenged over the war. The Vietnam question has always been enormously complex. Yet there comes a moment in every complex historic struggle when the total issue comes into focus and people can take sides in an uncomplicated way. This is such a moment.

The American people have been paralyzed by the war. What has been most bewildering is a sense that they have been manipulated by a vast impersonal mechanism that is changing our history for the worse. People have been unable to comprehend what has been going on deep inside government, but they have a clear and present sense that the open society is shrinking. They also have an instinctive sense that *The New York Times* has somehow juxtaposed itself against this total and terrifying process. They see Vietnam as only part of the process; it may be the most explicit and fiery part of it, but it is not the whole of it.

If we read the signs correctly, what is now happening is that the controversy involving *The New York Times* has suddenly become a rallying point for people who are less concerned about unauthorized publication of government documents than they are about unauthorized war by the government itself. These people now have definable ground on which to stand in guarding their traditional interests against the government. For beyond the confusion and multiplicity of issues spewing out of Vietnam is the clear fact that the government of the United States has become inimical to its own historic purposes and indeed to the way of life it declares it is attempting to defend. This contradiction is nothing the American people can accept, but they have not until now had an unambiguous issue around which to rally.

The significance of the actions by *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* transcends the question of their right to publish material they conceive to be in the public interest, whatever the official prohibitions. The ultimate significance of the case is that it enables the American people to perceive the extent to which the apparatus of American security has somehow come into conflict with the apparatus of an open American society. No one can read the Pentagon papers without feeling that men in government have acted as though their real enemy were the American people. One gets the impression that most of their deliberations were directed to ways in which they could carry out one set of policies while making it appear that they were carrying out another.

The government cries out that its secrecy has been violated. But of what stuff does the secrecy consist? It consists of miscalculations, errors of historic proportions and attempts to conceal them, and plans and manipulations that run counter to Constitutional government and that reflect contempt for free institutions. The fact that such materials have been classified as "Secret" is understandable in terms of the threat to the personal security of the men who made the errors and did the classifying. But it is not tolerable to the American people, whose security is tied to clearly defined Constitutional safeguards.

It is difficult to escape the conviction that a day of reckoning is fast approaching. No one can foresee the form it will take—whether it will be a full-scale Congressional investigation or even an outright trial. One way or another, all the concealments and deceptions that have accompanied not just a war in Indochina but the development of a subsurface power center in government will be brought into the open. It may be said that such an investigation or trial would not be in the national interest and that its effect would be to damage the United States before the world community. The precise opposite is true.

It is not good for either the American people or the rest of the world to learn that the highest officials in our land have been lying, and that the government has been unwilling to test its true position about Vietnam in the public arena. But the greatest danger is represented by the notion that the American people are fit subjects to be lied to—whether on matters involving prime commitments by this nation, or on any other matter.

No one suggests that all processes of foreign policy be conducted in a fish bowl. But the problem that emerges here goes far beyond the requirements of discreet diplomacy. The problem has to do with the even greater need to understand the true nature and workings of the society that the decision-makers and planners have the job of upholding. The ultimate power of American society rests with the American people—and not with the officials. This is basic to American Constitutional government. The evidence seems clear that this principle has not been clearly understood or respected by those charged with the defense of the nation. Under these circumstances, neither the American press nor the people can be expected to acquiesce in their own disablement and humiliation.

—N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Alien Pollution

JOHN LEAR's editorial "Senator Muskie's Foreign Pollution Policy" [*SR*, June 12] urges that the environmental impact statements required under Section 102 of the National Environmental Policy Act be adopted "on a global scale," presumably by action of the United Nations.

Having labored to sharpen the act's domestic applications, and being strong on strict interpretation of Section 102, I would nonetheless suggest that exportation of the environmental assessment concept be accompanied by a healthy sensitivity to the views of less developed nations. It took many years of carefree pollution and mindless development to bring a relatively privileged U.S. populace and political system to a forceful impact statement procedure. Public concern for environmental degradation now may be sufficient in numerous developed nations . . . to see some multinational agreement on an impact-assessing system with legal status. Such agreement would be a giant step forward.

But consider the nations where pollution is seen as a rich man's problem stemming from overconsumption, where bare necessities are top priorities. . . . An environmentalist may view as inhumane and immoral the extension of development aid that we know, from our own dreadful experience, ultimately will diminish its recipients. But this quandary is largely of our own making. While we pursue the demanding task of persuading others to *want* development that does not degrade, let us remember who needs productive development most, and who, on the other hand, cranks out most of the Earth's pollution.

SYDNEY HOWE, President,
The Conservation Foundation,
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Lear replies: "Technological specialists assure us that industrial development can occur without excessive pollution of the environment. Senator Edmund Muskie's principal purpose in proposing international circulation of environmental impact statements was to assure underdeveloped lands a fair opportunity to share the advantages of modern technology without repeating past mistakes in its application."

Dream Distortion

WOLF VON ECKARDT in "A Fresh Scene in the Clean Dream" [*SR*, May 15] quotes me to the effect that, if residents made the plans, new community neighborhoods would all be low-density. By taking this one thought out of context, my position on resident participation in new community planning is badly distorted. Actually, my research in Reston and Columbia has convinced me that active residents are far more competent in community decision-making than planners and professional managers give them credit for. New communities are natural laboratories for experiments with new models of citizen/professional *collaboration*. Initial governance structures at Columbia and Reston were much more professional and elitist than necessary. Having learned this, both communities have begun to open their planning processes to citizens, but the potential of authentic collaboration has barely been tapped. Exciting new institutional forms of participation can give much more depth to the "community" side of new communities when planners have the courage to attempt genuine collaboration with citizens.

DAVID R. GODSCHALK,
Department of City
and Regional Planning,
University of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

En Pointe! En Garde!

WALTER TERRY's final line in his review of the American Ballet Company, "'There Was Dancing'" [WORLD OF DANCE, June 12], reads: "But slow down, buster, you don't have to be the boy wonder anymore."

I wonder what gives Mr. Terry the right to refer to me or anybody else as "buster." As eloquent or inane as any critic's reviews may be, some element of detachment and relevancy must be observed so as to maintain at least an appearance of dignity.

Mr. Terry's use of the word "buster" belies his role as critic and demeans his review.

ELIOT FELD, Director,
The American Ballet Company,
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Terry replies: "In a span of four years, I have referred to Mr. Feld, his new company, and his choreography in such glowing terms as 'miraculous,' 'exciting,' 'original,' 'vibrant,' and the like. People who have had to work with Mr. Feld have used less glowing terms, from Winnipeg to New York and back, about his behavior, which has been described, other than by four-letter words, as arrogant. So I thought he would be grateful for 'buster,' an appellation the dictionary defines as 'that which is very big or unusual for its kind.'"

Two Hundred Pardons

RE: David Butwin's "Summer Over There" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, May 15].

This may be the 200th letter *SR* receives on the subject, but as a devout Wordsworthian I had to write. That 200th anniversary marks Wordsworth's birth, not his death.

ANGELA MCEWAN,
Temple, Tex.

". . . Next you were a noble knight who died in the Crusades, then a brave pioneer who saved a wagon train from sure massacre, then a courageous captain who went down with his ship, and in this life you're a dentist."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Why Are They Saying Those Terrible Things About Us?

FROM THE TIME of Jules Feiffer's earliest cartoons in *The Village Voice* his males and females have been engaged in eternal complaint. Strive as they may for enduring and "meaningful" relationships, they never manage to breach the barrier between the sexes. Now the loosely drawn faces of the cartoons have reached a kind of apotheosis in *Carnal Knowledge*, a film written by Feiffer and directed by Mike Nichols for Joseph E. Levine, and the collaboration has resulted in something very special.

For Feiffer, the film probably represents a summing up of his feelings, his attitudes, his knowledge, even his wisdom regarding the mating games played in our society. The view is sardonic, the cartoonist's touch is still in evidence, but there are both precision and reality in the way his people have been captured. For Nichols, his fourth film is his best; it represents direction in the truest sense, which is to say he has achieved clarity without obviousness and has guided his actors to give the performances of their lives. If you thought Jack Nicholson was good before, you will find him superb on this outing. If you thought Ann-Margret was just another glamorized Hollywood sexpot, think again. She is unforgettable.

The structure of the film is daring. The time span encompasses more than twenty years from the late 1940s to the late 1960s. We are never given precise dates, but we are oriented, easily enough, by songs on the soundtrack, by styles of dress, by subtle changes in décor. True, Jack Nicholson seems a bit weathered as an Amherst undergraduate in a few of the early scenes, but the spirit is accurate and he displays astonishing power as he advances into a lengthy bachelorhood and a brief but disastrous marriage. Candice Bergen is introduced early as a bright girl from Smith; after forty minutes or so she disappears, physically that is, for her presence is felt thereafter. We never see her as an upper-middle-class wife, living and child-raising in the suburbs, but we know her.

However, it is not so much her story as that of two young college men, roommates and lifelong friends forever preoccupied with their sex lives. Both are first met as virgins. Nicholson is the more knowledgeable and attractive of the two; speaking colloquially, he is a burgeoning bastard. Art Garfunkel is his friend, the nice but troubled guy straight out of those early Feiffer cartoons, but *real*. He falls in love with the lovely Susan (Candice Bergen) and unknowingly shares her with his college buddy. As the "safer" one of the two, he is selected by Susan for marriage.

The time changes. Both men are in their thirties, pursuing successful careers in New York. Nicholson has been running through an average of a dozen women a year but has never managed to meet the right one, the one with the full bosom, the good legs, the properly rounded bottom. More than that, each and every one is a threat to his manhood and peace of mind, until at last, in a bar, he finds Ann-Margret, an aging bachelor girl with striking cleavage and, quite obviously, something of a past. "Why don't we shack up?" she suggests. They do and a horrendous relationship ensues, complicated mainly by her paranoidal desire to marry. Meanwhile, what of Garfunkel? The sparks have gone out of his marriage, the sex has lost its savor, and Garfunkel tries once more. And later, even more foolishly, again.

Never do Nichols and Feiffer allow a whiff of sentimentality to cloy their tale. If there is sympathy, it is because the people, through all their betrayals of and double-dealings with each other, somehow manage to remain likable. They are struggling with a bewildering change in mores; they are truly the prisoners of sex. And they remain so into their fatuous middle age. A cruel film perhaps, but an essentially honest one. Not only is the film, overall, the best-acted in years; it is also the most mature of all those American films that have attempted to deal with the subject of sex in these ultra-liberated cinematic times.

Garfunkel and Bergen in "Carnal Knowledge"—"prisoners of sex."

In an earlier film, *The Graduate*, Nichols brought to center stage Dustin Hoffman, who, in the interim, has become a superstar and is now to be seen in *Who is Harry Kellerman and why is he saying those terrible things about me?* Hoffman is still a fine and engaging actor, but in this film story by Herb Gardner he lacks the firm, guiding hand of his first film mentor. So, perhaps, did Herb Gardner, for director Ulu Grosbard, while achieving some striking effects, allows the pace to become flabby, the story itself to wander around in search of a clear meaning.

Hoffman also has to span a couple of decades while playing a songwriter who reaches the top of the charts and, symbolically, a fantastic penthouse suite atop the General Motors Building in New York, from which he envisions a dizzying suicide dive to the plaza below. Success is killing Hoffman as Georgie the songwriter; something has gone rotten inside him, and, to make it worse, someone named Harry Kellerman is calling up all his friends and associates and bad-mouthing him. Visits to a psychiatrist, hilariously played by Jack Warden, don't help. Girls don't help, although an amateurish singer (played deliciously by Barbara Harris) offers him surcease briefly. The moral, maybe, is that material success is a disease; it corrodes the spirit and brings no happiness.

Unfortunately, Georgie the songwriter just doesn't concern us enough. He's not really a success at all. He just has a lot of money. There is some crackling dialogue in the film, moments when it kicks into life, but it keeps going dead. What we like about Georgie is Dustin Hoffman himself, who keeps peeping impishly through the character's unhappy facade.

There is very little to like about *Drive, He Said*, which, as directed by Jack Nicholson, reveals a college scene quite the opposite of the one he inhabits—as actor—in *Carnal Knowledge*. He focuses on a dreary basketball star with Hamlet-like doubts about the worthiness of his athletic career. After all, what can he do with the half-million dollars he'll get for signing as a pro? His love-mate is the wife of a professor, and his best friend is a way-out rebel who eventually freaks out totally. The film has good photography, good basketball shooting, and a good performance by Bruce Dern as the coach of the team, but Nicholson (and his co-screenwriter, Jeremy Larner) doesn't seem to know what he's driving at. I certainly don't.

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Fiction as a Social Gathering

by ALFRED KAZIN

THE LIVE GOAT, by Cecil Dawkins *(Harper & Row, 266 pp., $6.95)*; **WALKING PAPERS, by Sandra Hochman** *(Viking, 224 pp., $5.95)*; **ON INSTRUCTIONS OF MY GOVERNMENT, by Pierre Salinger** *(Doubleday, 408 pp., $6.95)*; **BURNT TOAST, by Peter Gould** *(Knopf, 176 pp., $3.50)*; **THREE LOVERS, by Julia O'Faolain** *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 255 pp., $5.95)*; **REAL LIFE, by Deborah Pease** *(Norton, 188 pp., $5.95)*; **LAST RITES, by Perry Michael Smith** *(Scribners, 389 pp., $6.95)*; **THE TRIP BACK, by Walter Sturdivant** *(Simon & Schuster, 189 pp., $5.95)*; **LIVES TO GIVE, by Sanche de Gramont** *(Putnam, 320 pp., $6.95)*; **THE WEEKEND MAN, by Richard B. Wright** *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 247 pp., $6.95)*; **FALLING, by Harris Dulany** *(McCall, 187 pp., $4.95)*; **AN AMERICAN GIRL, by Patricia Dizenzo** *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 148 pp., $4.95)*

I have before me twelve "first" novels. "First novel" is just a technical term, of course. *Swann's Way* was a first novel. Among the experienced, talented writers here are Cecil Dawkins, who until now has published only short stories, and Sandra Hochman, who previously has published only poetry. Then there is Pierre Salinger, who is not a novelist and whose *On Instructions of My Government* is really a liberal's homily on our Latin American policy, with inside stuff about the White House picked up during Mr. Salinger's years with JFK. There is a moony, hippy, baby book about life in a communal pastoral setting—Peter Gould's *Burnt Toast*—which leaves you feeling rather as if you had been breakfasting on sweet wine. Of the several *very* cool novels about the sex war the best is Sandra Hochman's *Walking Papers*; others are Julia O'Faolain's *Three Lovers* and Deborah Pease's *Real Life*. The last two, which are cute and nicely written, present, with untrustworthy whimsy, the beleaguered woman surrounded by male chauvinist pigs. Perry Michael Smith's *Last Rites* is an incoherently ghastly science-fiction novel about a "think tank" in the desert and a Catholic priest who can lay off drinking only when he is preoccupied with a supercomputer. Walter Sturdivant's *The Trip Back*, a straight realistic novel about the American condition, starts out strong yet somehow comes to nothing. Sanche de Gramont's *Lives to Give*, a touching documentary picturing self-sacrifice in France under the Nazi occupation, is thoroughly professional but ultimately just another movie.

There is, however, one relatively good novel, Richard B. Wright's *The Weekend Man*—about marital doldrums in Toronto—which is all of a piece and tone, "written truly," as Hemingway used to say. And Harris Dulany's *Falling* is a dreamlike, deeply etched portrayal of male violence. Finally, not merely the best of the lot but a genuine novel, a real sockeroo: Patricia Dizenzo's *An American Girl*. Although this extremely accomplished book is not, strictly speaking, a "first novel" since Mrs. Dizenzo has published two book-length novels based on films, I am sneaking it in because *An American Girl* is what a good novel should be—a slice of other people's lives, seen in depth and fully captured on paper.

"First" is a technicality; perhaps even "novel" is one now. What *the* novel is, what *a* novel is, what one novel necessarily has in common with another, is no longer a matter of the-

ALFRED KAZIN is the author of several volumes of social and literary criticism, among them *Contemporaries*. He also edited *Open Form: Essays for Our Time*. Since 1963 Mr. Kazin has been Distinguished Professor of English, State University of New York at Stony Brook.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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ory—if it ever was. Life has run away with the form we used to call fiction, and by now the term is as elastic as "prose" and has much the same function. Yet these books deserve consideration as novels, for there are writers here—Patricia Dizenzo, Cecil Dawkins, Sandra Hochman, Harris Dulany, Richard B. Wright—who should be noticed. And—what is also important to anyone who cares about the art of storytelling, no matter what its shape—the best of these first novels demonstrate that undiluted, undisguised personal experience (subject to many playful variations) is a cardinal element in the novel today. Experiment in form and style—*le nouveau roman* even as an idea—has no apparent connection with what these young novelists are thinking about. They seem hypnotized by the increasing commotion of late twentieth-century life—by the "story" in which we are all involved.

When, before now, would a conventional love novel have called itself "Real Life"? Life, life, life—personal, social, sexual, political, military—the life lived *in* the emotions, the life marked by so much fascinated observation of today's violent social decomposition—gives these books their raw, "lived" look. In the best of them, *An American Girl*, Patricia Dizenzo creates this raw look deliberately, reshaping "life" into *someone's* life. But whatever these authors may have learned in college about "the values of literature," "the necessity of form," "the work as a supreme end in itself," has melted under the excitement of being just a human consciousness *now*. Their indifference to early twentieth-century fictional experiments is positively comic. The looseness of these books, the unself-conscious sexual detail, the wholly personal, even antic rhythms! Sandra Hochman's *Walking Papers* pleasantly infuses poetry into prose without ever becoming "poetic"; there's just a flow of conversation, the striking good humor that emerges when you are relaxedly talking about yourself to a friendly audience. The great avant-garde novelists were never sure of an audience, but now everything is socialized. The dominating quality of personal give-and-take—a story related among friends, who are probably in the book anyway—shows how much fiction and nonfiction are happily blended under the product name of "novel."

With the exception of Cecil Dawkins, none of these writers could care less about the "tradition of the novel," or "the first step forward since Henry James," which was T. S. Eliot's praise for Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. We are in the age of the big mix, of *fiction vérité*, of any story you can tell by any means, so long as there is someone to listen. In the modernist age Henry James wrote disdainfully that *he* was not interested in "clumsy life at her stupid work." Well, most of these novelists have seen nothing but stupid life at her clumsy work. They write not in order to display themselves as superior artists, but to be released from an obsession, to liberate themselves from the spell of certain events. And the storytelling is plain, harsh, straight—person to person. This is neither a virtue nor a fault. As always, everything depends on the individual talent.

The most stylized novel here, the most consciously experimental and ambitious, Cecil Dawkins's *The Live Goat*, is a disappointment. Miss Dawkins is a gifted writer, in the very literary tradition of modern Southern fiction. She is as close, careful, and responsible in her narration as Flannery O'Connor or Eudora Welty. Through a series of successive "frames," with a whole chorus of separate narrators, in the manner of Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying*, Miss Dawkins tells of murder, ritual, and redemption in the American wilderness of the 1800s. The style is literary, symbolic, as artfully composed as anything I can remember by those Southern novelists who flourished in the Forties and Fifties. The trouble is that *The Live Goat* reminds me too much of other fine writers. It does not open out to life; instead, sentence after sentence reveals how hard Miss Dawkins is working to fuse all the symbolic meanings in this story of a posse bringing in a half-wit murderer whose name is Isaac, and to relate the sacrifice of the religious parable to the Eden of early America.

Of course, life has never been more "symbolic" in the South than elsewhere. The region lent itself to metaphor because a remarkable group of writers, all essentially "moral" and conservative, saw that the supposed values of the South were real only to them. They were able to describe in perfect rhythm, from within, a way of life that was passing. Well, by now "their" South has passed all the way out. There is nothing more to elegize in Alabama than there is in the Bronx. Miss Dawkins's all too meticulously structured moral landscape representing America as Genesis simply doesn't come alive under the weight of so much style. Too many rejected pieces of the American myth are whirling around us.

Perhaps it is unfair that a responsible, ambitious, "traditional" writer like Cecil Dawkins, absorbed in the old ideals of the novel, should be singled out for criticism when the novel of self-expression, of mere mood, sometimes of just sheer existential wit, is currently endemic. But books are deeds, not ideals. And, while Richard B. Wright's *The Weekend Man* and Sandra Hochman's *Walking Papers*—stories about the failure of marriage and the peculiar present difficulty of

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THE KING'S MOVE

To discover the name of the character concealed in each letter-group, just move from one letter to another in any direction, but without skipping. All letters must be used; double letters are formed by counting the same letter twice. For example, BAJ = JAY GATSBY. Robert Brooks of Bethesda, Maryland, has provided a clue by giving an alphabetical list of the authors. If checkmated, take the knight's move to page 50.

1. ASE
IR
T

2. YG
NAL
RFS

3. A
INC
ED

4. PH
LAM
IS

5. RZH
IEUO
BPV

6. AI
TB

7. O
RAT
HG

8. RP
YET
NSH

9. HRA
UTZ
S

a. Hawthorne
b. Howells
c. Sinclair Lewis
d. medieval epic
e. Nietzsche
f. Salinger
g. Sophocles; T. S. Eliot
h. Tolstoy
i. Voltaire

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the man-woman thing—are clearly not immortal, and don't try to be, what *is* attractive about them is the narrative openness and wit with which both a man and a woman describe without self-pity the failure of the male-female relationship, of which the much-battered marriage bond is now the key symbol.

A big topic today is the unprecedented difficulty of staying in love. Maybe this is why women—who often do well with this theme—are now so prominent in fiction. Is is possible, I ask myself, that "the failure of love," by which I mean the multiplicity of loves and the inevitable desolation of the heart (you may reverse this order if you like) is the real subject of the novel today? If so, the stress of this complicated emotion—our own coldness, treated without blame as befits polygamous cultures—explains the indifference to "form" and the absence of "plot" in these books. If nothing we do seems unusual there is no "story." Dramatic sequence has been replaced by what are actually the death throes of Western culture, the awareness of personal meaninglessness. Nothing helps, not even telling the truth about what we do! But the pervasive loneliness that accompanies the lack of significance is a refrain in current fiction.

The trouble is that writing about what I would call intransitive emotions—the feeling of just getting through one's life—doesn't create a sense of duration, doesn't give body to a novel. Where there is no conflict, based on competing interests, there is no story. No story, no development. And why is conflict (as contrasted with mere friction) nonexistent in the marriage-is-dead novel? Because husband and wife are no longer allowed to believe that men and women are radically different, have opposing interests. They sympathize all too readily with each other's "weaknesses," and so take the guts out of marriage. But the novels by Mr. Wright and Miss Hochman at least deal with marriage as a social and economic institution. The love-is-dead novel is based on a lack of differentiation between people, a lack of respect for their different functions.

Miss Hochman's *Walking Papers* is charming, racy, full of the gallows humor of the totally liberated wife. The theme of emotional death is handled with style. Mr. Wright's *The Weekend Man* is about an unenthusiastic husband, unenthusiastic about everything. The problem of feeling totally unimportant is conveyed with a dry, comic understatement that reminds you of *The Stranger*, by Camus, and Walker Percy's *The Moviegoer*. Mr. Wright cleverly relates a mechanical job, with its office politics, to the boredom that

"The last thing I remember someone cried out, 'Hang on to your hat!'"

permeates marriage like a dye. Despite the lack of action, and *within* an atmosphere of emptiness, both novels are brought off by their authors' craftsmanship and wit.

Deborah Pease's *Real Life* is, ironically, not about "real life," but about a young women who just wants her lover to warm her bed; she has no interest in what he does outside it, so inevitably the affair never seems alive. The lover certainly doesn't. To carry off the kind of novel whose generic name is really "The End of the Affair," you now need more than close-ups of the mattress; the treatment may be funny but not frivolous. The death of love does feel like death. And because a career may be more important to a man than a love affair, a woman can describe her misery over its break-up as a man cannot. Yet the strange thing about *Real Life* is how self-centered it seems. The author appears fearful of getting involved, so the reader never is. In Julia O'Faolain's *Three Lovers* the insignificance of the characters, my inability to work up the slightest interest in the love complications surrounding a young Irish woman in Paris, gave me a distinct sense of evil—nullity, nothingness. I asked myself, why can't I care about any of these people and what happens to them? Why are the characters in so many novels so *expectable*, with nothing to tell us?

Such nothingness does amount to "evil": it is evil for a human being not to count anywhere, not even in a novel! But evil is another great subject in today's fiction. We ourselves are under the sway of violence, mania, obsession. This subdues us into insignificance. Walter Sturdivant's *The Trip Back* starts out, promisingly, with a figure of extraordinary menace, a self-styled "professor of humanities." He intrudes himself on a stupid, absurdly correct Marine major who doesn't know what the world is really like and psychically ties him up in knots. This instructor in the new inhumanities, as he sees his mission, turns out to be a homicidal nut, and "the trip back" becomes a trip away from the interestingly sinister figure introduced on the first page. We miss any larger significance to the man. He is just the villain in a suspense story, and we can't wait for him to get nailed.

In Harris Dulany's *Falling*, which is about a violent racing car driver and his violent son, a boxer, evil is fascinatingly portrayed as male aggressiveness cutting loose. Mr. Dulany has an

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eye for grisly detail, as in the scene where the father uses the cut-off end of his thumb for fish bait. The author, who has caught the peculiar violence that surrounds extreme physical exertion, employs a hypnotic, slow-motion technique to convey the sense of people "falling" to death, slowly, inch by inch, through the deadly spaces in which they operate. Through this device the characters become alive; we hook onto them, although *they* feel that they are out of everything, and their lives are without significance. *Falling* is an unusual novel, exceedingly real.

The sense of evil, of some impending disaster hanging over our time, is avoided in Peter Gould's *Burnt Toast*, which reads like a poor imitation of Richard Brautigan. In Sanche de Gramont's *Lives to Give*, a story of people who forfeited their lives for others during World War II, evil is located entirely in the Nazi age. The evil can be wholly conventionalized, as in Pierre Salinger's *On Instructions of My Government*, where Chinese Communists almost succeed in putting missiles into a Latin American country, which gives Mr. Salinger a chance to tell us everything he learned during the Cuba missiles crisis. This did not include learning to write a novel for adults.

But the most urgent sense of evil, what happens on the domestic front, what Americans can do to each other, is most perfectly brought out in Patricia Dizenzo's *An American Girl*. In trying to create a world, Mrs. Dizenzo uses imagined style, voice, gesture as the means for getting us to believe in her characters, to share their experiences, even to suffer with them. It is an extraordinary feat of ventriloquism. A high school girl in the 1950s, describing the hopeless routine of life with her drunken parents, manages to make us see the TV "entertainment" and other trashy aspects of the postwar period. Although the author is as deadpan as Ring Lardner, she makes no attempt to be funny at the expense of the heartbreakingly burdened girl who is the narrator. The emphasis is on the mediocrity of middle-class American existence, on what we live "for," on the slow death of the heart. The alcoholic mother and father, the sister away at college who commits suicide, the relatives and hometown friends—all are captured in the young girl's flat, straight, utterly truthful and devastating record of what it is like to be herself, in this world of desperate emotions and material things, to be this self and no other. Yet she does *not* know herself. She is wholly the slave of her culture. What a novel can do, still, if a writer has the poise, the mind, the depth!

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Women's Lib

GLENDY CULLIGAN'S COMMENT on the woman scholar with two strikes against her hit home ["Born Free But Not Liberated, *SR*, June 5]. Two years ago my dissertation supervisor told me that my work had no value because, "As a woman, you lack the power of logical thought." When I repeated this statement recently to a group of distinguished faculty at that university, one of the professors commented, with a smile, "Well, do they?" My argument that my nine years of research were not without value was taken very lightly. As far as I know, this same university has never, in its some sixty-year history, had a woman faculty member, and probably less than ten women have degrees from it.

IDA COHEN SELAVAN,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE ARTICLES ON Women's Lib overlook the fact that men are expected to compete and win in our society. (A burden not placed on women.) It is the men who fight the wars, whether they want to or not. It is the men who are lying in veterans' hospitals shot to hell. It seems to me women have the preferred position. I don't feel inferior as a woman. I feel lucky.

LOIS M. NELSON,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

GLENDY CULLIGAN TOUCHED upon the beginning of wisdom for all "rights causes" when she acknowledged that she was "only half-liberated." Whether a feminist, a black, an Italian or a what-have-you, the only basis for real progress is the realization that everyone, repeat everyone, is only half-liberated.

J. W. CORBETT,
Schenectady, N. Y.

WE PAY EQUAL PAY for equal work. But I ask a woman assistant if she would like us to send her to a three-month training course in banking. She exclaims, "Oh I couldn't possibly be away from my husband and children *that* long!" I offer it to the man at the next desk—same pay. He jumps at it, scenting recognition and promotion. He kisses his wife and children, and he's off. Has the woman, for "equal pay," been rendering a truly equal service to the bank?

ROBERT V. TITUS,
Seal Beach, Calif.

Antic About Ethnic

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that *SR* [May 29] chose to treat in a multiple review three highly disparate books which deal with Italian history. Holt's *The Making of Italy: 1815-1870* is peninsular history; Barzini's *From Caesar to the Mafia: Sketches of Italian Life* registers the urbane commentary of a European on a national and cultural *ethos*; and Luciano Iorizzo and Salvatore Mondello's *Italian-Americans* is a kaleidoscope of the Italian experience in America. Small wonder that your reviewer bungled his job and did justice to none of the titles. What is particularly unfortunate is that the reviewer rejected the serious ethnic historiography of Messrs. Iorizzo and Mondello, who study the neglected experience of Italians in America. Even more gratuitously offensive is the reviewer's puerile efforts to disparage the emerging ethnic awareness of Italian-Americans, and the ideological assault on what he terms "an alien ethnic [Italian] group."

The credentialing of Walter Guzzardi as a "former resident of Rome [and] a longtime student of Italian history" hardly qualifies him to review ethnic studies.

FRANCESCO CORDASCO,
Upper Montclair, N.J.

Defense for the JDL

I MUST TAKE STRONG EXCEPTION to a portion of the discussion on *The Negroes and the Jews* [*SR*, June 5]. The quotation ". . . Julius Lester and the Jewish Defense League in their recent versions of black and Jewish protofascism" contains one element of truth and one of complete error. It is true that Julius Lester is a protofascist. His words and actions proclaim it. The Jewish Defense League, on the other hand, was organized to defend the Jewish people from all enemies both from the right and from the left. To refer to the Jewish Defense League as fascist is worthy of the Kremlin and its lackeys.

JEREMIAH COOPER,
Rockville, Conn.

Corns, Calluses, and Pot

WRITERS ABOUT MARIJUANA [*SR*, May 22] fail to take into account that cannabis was used to some extent in medicine in the early 1900s. Several drug manufacturers made preparations of cannabis but, due to the fact that they were unable to make a product of uniform quality, the drug fell into disuse. (It might be amusing to note that, applied to corns and calluses on the feet, a marijuana extract was supposed to relieve soreness and loosen the hard skin.)

WILLIAM K. MUNN,
Oakland, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We regret that in telephoning a correction to the printer, concerning Ellis Rivkin's review of "The Trial and Death of Jesus" [SR, June 19], the word "wholly" was mistaken for "holy," contradicting the sense of the sentence, which ought to have read: "Only if the charge were political could Pharisees and Sadducees meet on common ground and sit together in a wholly political Sanhedrin to decide whether Jesus was causing enough trouble to warrant turning him over to the procurator for judgment."*

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THE END OF RELIGION: Autobiographical Explorations

by Dom Aelred Graham

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 292 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Nancy Wilson Ross

■ Dom Aelred Graham, until recently prior of the Benedictine Community in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, now retired and living at Ampleforth Abbey in Yorkshire, has again—even more boldly this time—set forth unorthodox views on the role of religion in the contemporary world. That his views are unparochial has already been shown in his last two books: *Zen Catholicism* and *Conversations: Christian and Buddhist*. Now, it seems to me, the author's personal brand of ecumenism comes to full, though for all our sakes let us hope not final, fruition.

In his conversations and exchanges, with himself as well as with others, Dom Aelred is soft-spoken, gracious, and modest to a degree that at times borders on artlessness. No judgment could be more deceptive. It would, as a matter of fact, be difficult to find a more adventurous, tough-minded, and forthright member of his order or his church. A prelate whose eminence in the Catholic realm gives whatever he utters special weight and significance, he has lessened the impact of his radicalism by subtitling the present work "Autobiographical Explorations." This was intended, he says, to serve as a "limitation, to emphasize that a large theme is being mediated through a single, only moderately well-qualified personality. . . ." He admits he was told that the first few pages give an insufficient hint of what lively material lies in store for the reader and, although I am inclined to agree, I would not go so far as to suggest, as he does, "a little judicious skipping." The book's value was enhanced for me by sharing the experiences of this noted Catholic teacher and scholar who, in his sixties, is capable of writing in such a truly existential spirit about the interweaving of his active life with spiritual and intellectual researches in his chosen field.

To say that Dom Aelred carries his Catholicism lightly is not to imply that he is lacking in personal conviction or commitment. But it is his "sitting loose" that made it possible for him to travel around the Far East talking—usually to men of very different religious traditions and persuasions—with rare freedom and, even more importantly, with total absence of an authoritarian viewpoint against which all opposing ideals must be eventually tested—and found wanting. This is a conventional Christian posture which, to my mind, subtly mars so much contemporary ecumenical dialogue. The section that deals with his recent Asian travels is perhaps most apt to attract the growing numbers of Westerners for whom Eastern religions seem now to offer more acceptable practices than the forms and dogmas of Christianity or Judaism.

Yet, provocative and valuable as these Asian dialogues and discussions are—ranging from the Dalai Lama to John Blofeld, a "converted" Western Buddhist, from noted professors at Banaras Hindu University to the scholarly Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, former President of India—I found myself equally, if not more, stimulated by the courage and candor with which Dom Aelred assesses some of the history of his own faith. At the present moment he sees Christianity on the defensive with little chance that lasting satisfaction can come through "operations in ecclesiastical facelifting." To him there is even a certain "pathos" in the efforts to make organized Christianity more relevant to the times and man's needs. What is called for, he feels, is "a discriminating survey with a view to disentangling what is permanent from what is obsolete, what was intended for all time from what was temporary, what corresponds to the abiding human condition from the needs of an emergency situation, what holds possibilities of growth and development from what is lifeless in the Christian tradition as it has come down to us."

I found him at his most interesting but no less learned best, for instance, on the role played by Gnosticism, which appears in the chapter "Christianity's Response to Jesus." I would urge a particularly careful reading by those who might be disposed to skip to the East-West dialogues, for it is here one finds exemplified Dom Aelred's unique capacity for outspoken appraisals. Christianity's adjustment to what is referred to as the great "non-event," which is to say the failure of the prophecy of the imminent end of the world, is included, and some of the more notable paradoxes and inconsistencies of the major faith of the Western world are vividly reviewed.

Dom Aelred beats around none of the available bushes when he deplores early Christianity's acceptance of the books of the Old Testament instead of rejecting them, as the Gnostic Marcion did when drawing up the first canon of early Christian literature. Although as an educated member of an enlightened order he has never been, so he

(*Continued on page* 51)

"Who, me? Making obscene phone calls? I can't even get a dial tone!"

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BEING AND DOING

by Marcus G. Raskin

Random House, 449 pp., $10

Reviewed by Robert A. Gross

■ Among the few reassuring effects of what Paul Goodman calls the New Reformation—the breakdown of faith in the Western religion of science and technology—has been a minor revival of serious political and social philosophy. Until recently most American intellectuals celebrated the virtues of our supposedly pluralistic and harmonious *postindustrial society*. Now, scared by violent internal conflict, a creaking political system, and a stifling corporate-bureaucratic order, they are busily ransacking the dustbin of history for alternatives. One of their happiest rediscoveries has been the anarchist tradition of cooperative, decentralized self-government, supported by dissenters like Goodman, the erstwhile mentor of the New Left.

Writing in the school of Thoreau, Tolstoy, and Kropotkin, Goodman has urged a return to a smaller scale, less impersonal style of living, in which an individual can feel directly the consequences of his actions and join with others in spontaneous, esthetic creation. Yet Goodman is no utopian; he distrusts the grandiose visions of bureaucrats and technocrats and speaks of letting man make his own often blundering way in a meaningful local community. It is a tribute to his influence—and an indication of the New Left's failure—that his epigones have made "participatory democracy" a cliché.

Others who share Goodman's perspective have gathered around Washington's Institute for Policy Studies, a radical "think tank" that does for the Left what the Brookings and Rand institutes do for the Establishment. Since its founding in 1965, the IPS has produced a growing body of imaginative, specific proposals for reconstructing American life along decentralist lines and has trained many of the activist-intellectuals who, it is hoped, will help carry out these ideas in local projects throughout the country. The IPS, as a Rand social scientist might have it, is building the infrastructure of a new American nation.

As a founder and co-director of the IPS, Marcus G. Raskin has been in a strategic position—as far as any organizational leader can be—to influence the vision and goals of the developing opposition. He has worked in the antiwar movement—he was a defendant in the Spock antidraft conspiracy case—and helped set up the New Party, a proposed leftist addition to the two-party system.

In *Being and Doing*, Raskin, perhaps speaking for his associates at IPS as well, sums up the philosophy he has fashioned as a guide to reconstruction in the United States. He terms his approach "existential pragmatism" but it could more accurately be called a pastiche of anarchism, existentialism, Deweyian pragmatism, Gestalt psychology, and Jeffersonian democracy, with occasional insertions of Marxist analysis for social-historical background. Raskin parades these ideas like a self-conscious boy in his brother's hand-me-downs: the clothes may fit, but everyone knows they weren't his originally. Moreover, his prose is abstract, convoluted, and opaque. In creating his own language "to engage the reader in a dialogue that goes beyond the mere presenting of conceptions" he clearly succeeds; one is forced to struggle constantly to grasp his meaning. This might be called the method of participatory readership.

His premises are essentially those stated so eloquently by Goodman. Raskin believes each individual "*needs* space as a life function"; everyone must, as a condition of being, act on his subjective sense impressions to shape and "pro-ject" his self in the world and to join with others in creating a viable living style. Without breathing room there can be no true freedom; creativity withers, and man becomes whatever society forces him to be.

Seen from this perspective, America appears a "pyramidal political, social and economic structure," not so different from most nation-states in modern history. Democratic rituals and opportunities for social mobility serve only to adjust us to our subordination; Raskin calls this the "liberal authoritarian" solution. The few at the top, acting as imperial administrators, make decisions for the many who, individually powerless to resist, assume the roles and character they are assigned in the system. "Where people find themselves in this condition it is academic to talk about an individual psychology, since their uniqueness is lost. . . . The colonizer and the colonized are all of us simultaneously in the pyramid."

This system, according to Raskin, operates in four major spheres: the state (violence colony), corporations (plantation colony), schools (channeling colony), and media (dream colony). His comments on the first are characteristic. After claiming, without supporting evidence, that the "national security state" was the deliberate creation of a coalition of liberals and authoritarians, he portrays the majority

Marching Through a Novel

by John Updike

Each morning my characters
greet me with misty faces
willing, though chilled, to muster
for another day's progress
through the albumen quicksand,
the marsh of blank paper.
With instant obedience
they change clothes and mannerisms,
drop a speech impediment,
develop a motive backwards
to suit the deed that's done.
They extend skeletal arms
for the handcuffs of contrivance,
slog through docilely
maneuvers of coincidence,
look toward me hopefully,
their general and quartermaster,
for a clearer face, a bigger heart.
I do what I can for them,
but it is not enough.
Forward is my order,
though their bandages unravel
and some have no backbones
and some turn traitor
like heads with two faces
and some fall forgotten
in the trenchwork of loose threads,
poor puffs of cartoon flak.
Forward. Believe me, I love them
though I march them to finish them off.

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of Americans as hapless victims of their overseers' egotistic, Strangelovian game of "nuclear chicken." "It is not possible," he warns, "to dismiss with casualness the idea that the colonizer in defense of his prerogatives would use nuclear weapons in the United States."

But, for all his forebodings, Raskin perceives expanding possibilities for attaining genuine freedom. In an argument advanced previously by Herbert Marcuse and David Bazelon, he suggests that technology is playing a liberating role: the young, taking affluence for granted, see no need to fit themselves into the hierarchy, and middle-class professionals are demanding the right to determine the use of their skills. Those in the lower classes will start defecting as economic changes undermine their hard-won gains. The poor are, of course, already adversaries of the system.

Raskin is imaginative in his specific proposals for restructuring American society. To build a "democratic economy," the employee within the corporation should be guaranteed the Bill of Rights. Regular sabbatical years should be allowed to enable all workers to step outside of their normal routine. He urges unions to seek industrial democracy within the plant and, if necessary, to set up their own cooperatives to rival established companies and perform public service work. Raskin's plan includes a "new social contract" to limit the powers of the state; public involvement in management of the media, and "drop-in and drop-out education."

His strategy for achieving all this is consistent with his ends: he sees men gradually regaining authority over their lives by developing nonauthoritarian projects, thereby nonviolently challenging the bases of pyramidal authority. A third political party would help organize local "councils of reconstruction," protect established projects, and contest important elections.

There is a decent, even ennobling, quality to Raskin's vision of the good society. Like many other anarchists, he proffers a compelling moral goal. Yet one wonders if he offers anything more than ideals; throughout his book he never tackles the reasons why men let themselves be colonized in the first place. Is there a basic fear of, as well as a desire for, freedom? Or is there a need for social routine to which we can return between efforts at self-definition? One suspects the most decent of societies will have to provide roles for those who only want walk-on parts.

Robert A. Gross, a free-lance reviewer, is studying for a Ph.D. in American history at Columbia University.

THE ENEMY:
What Every American Should Know About Imperialism

by Felix Greene

Random House, 391 pp., $8.95

IMPERIALISTS AND OTHER HEROES:
A Chronicle of the American Empire

by Ronald Steel

Random House, 447 pp., $10

Reviewed by E. Berkeley Tompkins

■ Imperialism is an ancient—if not particularly honorable—phenomenon, having been with us for several millennia. The term itself is of comparatively recent origin and dates from the 1850s, as Richard Koebner and H. D. Schmidt note in their intriguing and exhaustive *Imperialism: The Story and Significance of a Political Word.* While the British and other nineteenth-century colonial powers accepted the expression as well as the practice, "imperialism" had a strongly pejorative connotation in the American lexicon, even when the United States was annexing such exotic places as Hawaii, the Philippines, and Samoa. A variety of euphemisms were used, including "Manifest Destiny," "extending the area of freedom," "the civilizing mission," and "the white man's burden." Imperialism is still opprobrious and is employed, especially by the Left, to denigrate a wide range of activities, some of which are rather far removed from its central meaning. Felix Greene uses it in this loose and propagandistic manner. For him, as for most Marxists, imperialism, capitalism, and the United States are synonymous and collectively constitute "the enemy."

In this disjointed, superficial, poorly reasoned, badly written jeremiad, he castigates virtually every facet of American society. However, his ideological blinders and penchant for sententious revolutionary rhetoric vitiate the impact that a more rational and judicious critique might have had.

Greene, a British journalist who has resided for several years in the United States, is most noted for his panegyrics on China and North Vietnam; and his description of his first visit to the People's Republic—an experience apparently analogous to Paul's revelation on the road to Damascus—helps to

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explain many of the vagaries of this volume. Once one realizes that he views mainland China as an earthly paradise and the wicked United States as its antithesis, the book becomes somewhat less illogical, if no more enlightening.

The author contends that America "provides the main strength and sustaining force of imperialism everywhere. Without her imperialism as a system could not long survive." Greene equates imperialism entirely with capitalist countries and, apparently for him, unlike Ronald Steel, it would be incorrect to speak of a Communist nation as imperialistic.

Although Greene's interpretation contains elements of truth, it is also distorted and fallacious. Both his tautological tirade on the evils of American foreign policy and his specious examination of our domestic problems are based on the simplistic notion that they stem from the machinations of a Machiavellian oligarchy that controls everything in the United States and most of the rest of the world. Greene feels that our society is thoroughly corrupt and beyond peaceful reform. "There is," he states in Cassandra-like tones, "no middle way in which violence can be avoided. . . . To any thoughtful and humane man . . . there is really no choice left—he can only join with others to bring the present system to an end." Vigorously urging his readers to join the revolutionary struggle, Greene suggests they use any means whatsoever to forcibly overthrow "the capitalist power-structure."

Ronald Steel in *Imperialists and Other Heroes* is also critical of many aspects of America's performance at home and abroad, but he is infinitely more objective, lucid, and knowledgeable than Greene. To those familiar with Steel's trenchant articles in the *New York Review of Books* and elsewhere, the reprinting of these careful essays will be welcomed like an old friend; and those who have not known his work will be introduced to one of America's most sophisticated commentators on the intricacies of U.S. politics and diplomacy.

Whereas *Enemy* declares war on the American system, Steel's book has a lover's quarrel with it. Greene is an ideologist and offers an apocalyptic view of American society but Steele is a skeptic who is not expecting Armageddon. Where the former sees only black or white events, the latter's intellectual sensitivity discerns frustratingly muted shades of gray. Greene uses words with wild abandon; Steel qualifies his judgments. In short, one man is a polemicist, the other is a thinker.

The irony of Steel's title is reflected in many of his incisive chapters, which range over a wide spectrum of topics. He skillfully analyzes the origins of the Cold War, the containment policy, the Korean War, atomic diplomacy, Suez, the Cuban missile crisis, NATO, the United Nations, a series of "ignoble interventions — carried out with the most noble rhetoric," and a score of other similarly complex subjects. But, as it must in any general study of contemporary American policy, the brooding presence of the war in Vietnam dominates the book.

Steel writes movingly of its "seemingly interminable agony" and calls the entire crusade in Asia "a disastrous misadventure." He sees it as "a liberal's war," based on misconceptions and miscalculations, pushed by "the defense intellectuals," and complicated by Presidential egotism and stubbornness. "If Kennedy," he asserts, "had worried a little less about his image and a little more about the limitations on the national interest, Americans might not be dying in Vietnam today." From the beginning, American intervention in Vietnam was foolish and its continuation absurd. "For the first time in our history we do not know why we are fighting, who our enemies are, or even what we mean by victory." Thus we have estranged our allies, divided the nation, and "called into question the very meaning of the American dream."

Although he is clever at analyzing complex matters like the war, Steel is even more perceptive in his assessment of personalities. The book is filled with deft capsule portraits of familiar figures: George Kennan—"the nearest thing to a legend that this country's diplomatic service has ever produced"; Herman Kahn—if he "didn't exist [he] would have to be invented"; Charles de Gaulle—a master of "guile, dissimulation and illusion"; Drew Pearson—"St. George of the typewriter"; Eisenhower—"the ideal bureaucrat—patient, firm, charming, and nonintellectual"; I. F. Stone—"[he] wears his heart on his sleeve and is ready to fight at the drop of a cause."

Any collection of essays is bound to be occasionally uneven and redundant, but the over-all quality of this book is unusually high. In contrast to the work of Felix Greene, which is of relatively little interest and even less consequence, the sober admonitions of a well-informed, judicious commentator like Ronald Steel should be of value to all thoughtful Americans.

E. Berkeley Tompkins has recently been appointed director of historical and cultural affairs for the State of Delaware. He is the author of "Anti-Imperialism in the United States."

THE FOREIGN AFFAIRS FUDGE FACTORY

by John Franklin Campbell

Basic Books, 292 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Nicholas King

■ What's wrong with the State Department? This question has rung like an echoing gong down the decades. It has been asked by Presidents, by the public, and by almost everyone in the State Department itself. John Campbell's book provides a full and reasoned answer, forthrightly written and convincingly documented. Despite the title, the problem is handled in *The Foreign Affairs Fudge Factory* with sympathy and insight.

The basic malady is the growth of a monstrous foreign affairs apparatus that has overwhelmed the State Department and its control of—and voice in—foreign policy decisions. The Defense Department and the Agency for International Development, for example, have more men in their overseas missions than State, according to the latest available figures. The Central Intelligence Agency's strength abroad is not known, but anyone acquainted

with our embassies is aware that CIA officials, under diplomatic cover, are numerous. They have their own (often overlapping) sources of information, their personal communications, and handsome budgets. Also, based upon outdated ideological or Cold War premises, they usually have their own foreign policy. So do the Labor, Commerce, Agriculture, and Treasury departments, which send officials to embassies to represent their domestic interests; all of them are backed up by hordes of weighers, sifters, newspaper readers, and decision-makers back home in Washington. Added to this is the President's foreign policy staff in the White House, a separate bureaucracy instead of, as the author recommends, a small and flexible staff of advisers who could supply the President, the ultimate policy-maker, with what he needs to know.

Yet Presidents desire a strong State Department. A tough Secretary of State could be one of the truly commanding figures in the government, an influence in all projects and expenditures overseas, and the final authority —through his ambassadors—as to who does what out of which embassy.

For several reasons this is not so.

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State began to decline in President Franklin D. Roosevelt's time through his use of personal and, to a large extent, military diplomacy. The McCarthy era subdued State's personnel into cautious conformists, relegating some of its ablest officers to oblivion. Morale and performance suffered further from arbitrary reforms from the outside, including efficiency-expert methods that could not possibly assess the quality of professional knowledge, negotiating skill, or political judgment.

Moreover, State's budget and expense account continued to be small compared with many other agencies in the field, as well as the diplomatic services of other big countries. (Not so long ago, the American ambassador in Bonn had at his disposal for personal expenses and entertainment one-third of what the West German ambassador spent in Washington.) State, for instance, must rely on another government agency for financing its communications abroad. And State, in common with other departments, is caught up in the habit of multiplying and complicating its structure with inter-this and inter-that committees, meetings, clearances, and the rest.

John Franklin Campbell would whittle down the size and structure of the department, and he would eliminate its duplicative agencies. The bureaucratic layers inside State and among all the foreign affairs pie-sharers in Washington have created an absurd procedural system, often with the experts at the bottom (as in the Bay of Pigs and Vietnam) while the ideologues and prestige hunters flourish at the top. Mr. Campbell knows that, although bureaucratic methods are necessary to the government's functioning, the fragmentation of authority tying up foreign policy formulation is a fundamental cause of today's confusion and inefficiency. Foreign officials never cease wondering what precise government in Washington such-and-such a duly mandated emissary is speaking for, or on whose exact behalf there he is spending money.

The author of this well-grounded, perceptive study realizes that what is wrong cannot be put right at one stroke, or even by one President. But, basing his thesis on past criticism as well as on his own experience in the Foreign Service, he calls for a number of specific, workable reforms that could gradually bring order, intelligence (in the ordinary sense) and flow to the making of modern American foreign policy.

Nicholas King was press attaché for the U.S. Embassy in Paris 1963-69. Prior to that he was an editorial writer for the New York Herald Tribune.

FRANK CAPRA:
The Name Above the Title
(An Autobiography)

by Frank Capra

Macmillan, 513 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Burton Bendow

■ When I was a lad I served a term as office boy for a movie company. My boss was a little Napoleon who enjoyed charging onto the set or into the cutting room to issue orders, or countermand them, getting ulcerous the while in the crises that he created. After one of his surprise raids a hardened veteran confided to me, "One thing you don't have to be in this business, my boy. You don't have to be *dynamic*." Frank Capra unwittingly demonstrates that in Hollywood in the Thirties you did have to be dynamic. And you had to be little else. In fact, it was a disadvantage to be burdened with any quality of mind or spirit normally associated with art. You needed "moxie"—as Capra calls it when boasting of his proletarian origins (he was born in Sicily of illiterate peasant parents and raised in Los Angeles in crippling poverty). Or "courage"—as he calls it after he has risen above that poverty and wants a nobler word for a director whose name is emblazoned on movie-house marquees.

His autobiography begins in the traditional rags-to-riches manner with Capra as a newsboy and later as a plucky student who works at three jobs to get himself a college education. Every early episode records a further step, or misstep, in his career; the measure of his climb is the increasingly important celebrities whom he meets. But, except for those who hindered his progress, they emerge here as little more than big names.

Mack Sennett, Harry Langdon, and others, especially Harry Cohn, head of Columbia Pictures, all bully him at one time or another. How Capra confronts them, even at the risk of losing his job, provides the best scenes in the book. If he is their match, it is because he is also shrewd and tough and on the make.

Returning to a changed Hollywood after making Army propaganda films, he is dismayed to find that the rigid hierarchies of the major studios have given way to a free-for-all among individual producers. The ladder to success has been dismantled. After several losing ventures in partnership with various stars, he retires, grows bored, and finally writes this book.

Film buffs will find in it no revelations; Capra is too busy counting his Oscars to tell much about his work.

—*From the book*

Coke break for Ronald Colman, Sam Jaffe, and Frank Capra during filming of "Shangri-La"—"Capra-corn" in the Himalayas.

His initial efforts were two farces starring Harry Langdon, the baby-faced clown of the silent screen. Although Capra claims to have invented Langdon's screen character ("the 'fix' that made him appealing—a grown man with the actions and reactions of a trusting, *innocent* child"), he admits his debt to Chaplin. But "Chaplin *thought* his way out of tight situations; . . . Langdon *trusted* his way through adversities, surviving only with the help of God, or goodness."

Many of his later films are sentimental comedies, Capra's trademark: *Lady for a Day, It Happened One Night, You Can't Take It with You,* among others. The social and political problems of the Depression touch Capra only superficially; his films are cheerful fables designed to banish the blues—poor girl marries Spanish count, tough reporter wins heiress, zany family lives on pennies from heaven and loves it. Even the engagingly cynical, cat-and-mouse courtship of *It Happened One Night* is disfigured by coyness. Nevertheless, in all these movies the comic turns are executed with exhilarating briskness, and they can be seen more than once with enjoyment.

Encouraged by these successes, Capra strains after social significance in the films for which he is best known: *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington,* and *Meet John Doe.* His description of the first will serve for all three:

> A simple honest man, driven into a corner by predatory sophisticates, can, if he will, reach deep down into his God-given resources and come up

(*Continued on page* 51)

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SAMUEL PHELPS AND SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

by Shirley S. Allen

Wesleyan University Press, 354 pp., $15

Reviewed by Bernard Grebanier

■ Although distant from the theatrical district of the West End, Sadler's Wells Theatre still is without a rival in popularity during the ballet and D'Oyly Carte seasons. Londoners fill the large auditorium to watch the world-renowned dance company and to listen to the flawless performances of Gilbert and Sullivan.

During the Restoration certain medieval wells, thought to have therapeutic value, were rediscovered on land belonging to a man named Sadler. Their fame spread, and the lower classes began to come in such throngs that Sadler decided to build a Musick-House to furnish entertainment for them. Here he presented dance, fighting cocks, and music of a kind that attracted an increasingly rowdy clientele until, in 1744, a grand jury indicted the place as noxious to public morals. In 1765 a new owner, Thomas Rosomon, demolished the wooden structure and erected a handsome new theater of stone to house 2,500 people. He offered pantomimes, harlequinades, tightrope walkers, performing dogs, racing ponies and, from time to time, the great clown Grimaldi.

In the nineteenth century huge water tanks were installed under and above the stage for aquatic effects. Sadler's Wells became the home of "nautical drama." When water spectacles (ocean and waterfall) began to pall, they were succeeded by melodramas, adaptations of the novels of Scott and Dickens, farces, Carter's menagerie of tamed animals, and an occasional play by Shakespeare.

On May 27, 1844, the new owner, Samuel Phelps, opened Sadler's Wells with *Macbeth*. An actor of considerable experience and prestige, he was determined to present all of Shakespeare's plays to an audience of working people. His hopes were not as vain as one might think, for Shakespeare's original audiences included butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker. For almost twenty years Shakespeare made money for Phelps and his company. His *Antony and Cleopatra* was the first in a century, and he restored the original version of *Richard III*. Phelps's own roles included Shylock, Macbeth, Falstaff, Brutus, Henry V, and many non-Shakespearean classic roles.

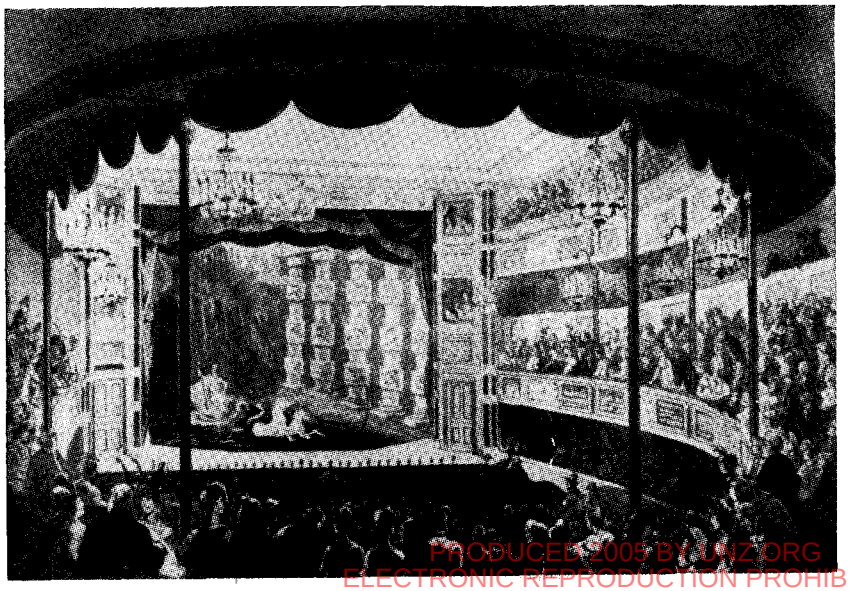
His retirement from Sadler's Wells was effected so quietly that *Punch* observed, "Mr. Phelps slips out of sight with neither flummery nor fuss, and so modestly takes leave of us that we have scarce the opportunity to say how much we liked him." That journal had already praised him for improving the conduct of the Sadler's Wells audiences to the extent that "the night charges of the various police-stations of the neighbourhood have sensibly diminished, and men—before considered irredeemable bacchanals—are now nightly known to bring their wives and little ones to listen to the solemn and sportive truths of Shakespeare."

Professor Shirley S. Allen, who teaches at the University of Connecticut, has produced a book invaluable to students of the drama. Interestingly illustrated, it brings together many new facts, unearthed from archives and collections, and provides unusual glimpses of Edmund and Charles Kean, Macready, and other contemporaries of Phelps.

Bernard Grebanier, whose latest book is "The Uninhibited Byron: An Account of His Sexual Confusion," is working on a study of Shakespeare performers.

Sadler's Wells Theatre—an aquatic stage for ocean and waterfall spectacles.

—From the book



LEVKAS MAN

by Hammond Innes

Knopf, 322 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Edwin Fadiman, Jr.

■ Hammond Innes belongs to a group of British writers whose artistic heritage derives from such craftsmen as Somerset Maugham. To these men, novel writing represents an opportunity to serve the reader, to entertain, to amuse and, occasionally, to educate him—unobtrusively.

Innes, who has served a long apprenticeship, has grappled, more and more successfully, with a beautiful, fickle, tricky adversary: the English language. In pursuit of his craft he has also traveled and been willing to do his own research in a scientific discipline should his subject matter so dictate, as it does in *Levkas Man*.

The story is a mixture of psychological suspense, adventure, and anthropology put through the blender of the author's mind; the result, like *gazpacho*, is a trifle strange but refreshing. Perhaps not to everyone's taste, it is nevertheless something new. The scene moves from the Amsterdam docks to smugglers' hideouts in the Aegean Sea, and to an underwater cave on the Greek island of Levkas. Here, immortalized upon rock, predating the paintings at Lascaux, are the stupendous murals of prehistoric man. There are bison and pigmy elephants, small horses, reindeer, and rhinoceroses. The pathos and majesty of this primitive, immensely moving art are forever etched into the stone.

A suspense novel must have conflict, expressed here abundantly in the confused emotions of a young man about a father he has never understood and has tried, in vain, to hate. His father, Pieter Van der Voort, is a scientist, an anthropologist, a genius, and an unbearable human being. Ever since he left him Paul's life has been a wasteland of smuggling, thievery and, finally, murder. Out of funds and hopeless, stranded at the low ebb of his life, Paul returns to his boyhood home to discover his father has disappeared. The last part of the book becomes his search, not only for an old man ennobled by the stately insanity of genius but for an explanation of what he is, of the meaning of life and of human evil and good.

Levkas Man can be read on many levels. It is an adventure story, and a good one. And it is a reasonably knowledgeable exploration into anthropology. Innes assesses the morality of man, as killer and as saint, as animal and God-loved being, and contributes an

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insightful inquiry into the psychology of intellectual passion. But the book is so densely written that the reader is apt to become confused, unsure which theme to follow, losing the thread of the story. In his attempt to re-create the anguish and wonder of earliest man, Innes has partly ignored the primary purpose of a popular novelist—to entertain. Nevertheless, if he has failed, he has done so on a high plane. *Levkas Man* is certainly a more important novel than most of today's tawdry successes.

Edwin Fadiman, Jr.'s novel "The One-Eyed King" has just been published by Bernard Geis.

TARANTULA

by Bob Dylan

Macmillan, 137 pp., $3.95

Reviewed by Robert Scholes

■ They tell me that the world's leading Dylan expert actually picks over the bard's garbage to see what interesting tidbits of Dylaniana he can find. No doubt such devotion has its rewards. Reading *Tarantula* has its rewards, too, but one still has a sense of picking over a lot of unlovely stuff in order to find the good things. "Free-associating" on various themes in a surrealistic way, Dylan frequently comes up with a telling phrase, a witty image, or a crisp little character sketch like this one:

> jack of spades—vivaldi of the coin laundry—wearing a hipster's dictionary—we see him brownnosing around the blackbelts & horny racing car drivers—dashing to & fro like a frightened uncle remus. . . .

But for the most part *Tarantula* is just not interesting enough.

Dylan, who is a true poet in song, a voice with a conscience, is simply a bright, self-indulgent fellow in prose. To his credit, he stopped publication of this book in 1966 after it had reached the galley-proof stage. But with proofs drifting about, and unauthorized copies being made from them, he and his publisher apparently could not hold out. So here it is, complete with a coy foreword by "The Publisher," whose string of little Dick-and-Jane declarative sentences tells you he thinks the book's potential audience is the very young. But more kids will carry the lightweight *Tarantula* around with them than will actually read its 137 pages.

Robert Scholes teaches English at Brown University and plays "Songs of the Sixties" badly on an old Steinway.

Criminal Record

Fact

83 Hours Till Dawn. *By Gene Miller in collaboration with Barbara Jane Mackle. Doubleday.* $7.95. In December 1968 Barbara Jane Mackle, daughter of a Florida millionaire, was kidnaped from a motel room on the outskirts of Atlanta, Georgia. Her father was notified that she had been buried alive in a plywood-and-fiberglass capsule. Her survival depended on the lasting power of a battery that ran the equipment, which pumped air into the capsule and, most important, on her father's paying the $500,000 ransom demanded. Gene Miller, a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter, has collaborated with Miss Mackle on a reconstruction of the nightmare, including her account of the hours spent inside the pitch-black box. Invariably, this book will call to mind Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* because of the meticulous detailing of facts, thoughts, and actions pertinent to the crime. Let others with more space devote themselves to their comparative literary merits. I personally think I was more involved with this one.

A Catalogue of Crime. *By Jacques Barzun and Wendell Hertig Taylor. Harper & Row.* $18.95. To call this merely a reference work on the literature of crime—fact and fiction—is to do it a disservice. While granting that the greatest appeal of this volume, which contains almost 3,500 separate entries, will be to the serious student of crime, criminal literature, and related material—as opposed to readers who casually pick up a mystery for a lazy weekend or to pass the time on a trip—the authors' subjective approach makes this book highly readable. That it cannot and does not cover the entire field is understandable. But was selection or omission deliberate or an accident of memory? By pulling names out of the air and checking through this cross-referenced compendium, I discover that there is no entry for a favorite supernatural novel, Dorothy Macardle's *The Uninvited* (published in England as *Uneasy Freehold*), or any mention of the novels—like them or not—of George Baxt. Still, it is what the authors have listed that makes *A Catalogue of Crime* valuable. .

Fiction

Decoy in Diamonds. *By Natalie Gates. Putnam.* $4.95. There is an aroma of clichés hovering over the tale of yet one more virginal, old-maid schoolteacher finding romance aboard ship and becoming beautiful, but the author has so skillfully blended courtship and suspense—the heroine is accidentally slipped a huge diamond being smuggled out of Africa, which turns her from tourist to target—that you'll find yourself interested all the way.

The Late Bill Smith. *By Andrew Garve. Harper & Row.* $5.95. Why would three attempts be made on the life of a steel salesman? Bill Smith has no idea, but the last sends him leaping to the terrace of Sue Hammond's apartment. From there he boards a ship—Sue works for a travel agent—sailing through the Greek Isles. At one point during the cruise he fakes his suicide to rid himself of his pursuers, presumably waiting for him back in London. I can't say that I believed it all, or that boredom didn't set in on the cruise, but there still is that original, tantalizing question to hold you.

A New Kind of Killer. *By Jennie Melville. McKay-Washburn.* $4.95. Policewoman Charmian Daniels is studying criminology at a university and trying to find out who is fomenting student revolution. Before long she is investigating a murder, and then murders. The plotting has merit, but the thinness of characterization casts a pall of indifference over the activities.

Flowers for a Dead Witch. *By Michael Butterworth. Doubleday.* $4.95. Is a remote English village in the grip of witchcraft? After all, *someone* is placing flowers at the grave of Julien Granchester, who was burned as a witch in 1556. Does it include murder? More important, are the attempts on the life of Polly Lestrange, who has come from Canada to Mondisfield Hall to see her dying great-aunt, tied in with black magic or is the motive more personal? The answers are revealed at an easy-going pace suitable to the bucolic locale, with enough occult chill added to keep you reading all the way through.

The Quest of Juror 19. *By David Davidson. Doubleday.* $5.95. The pressure on a film director whose career is going downhill, combined with the continuous parade of criminals passing before him as he serves on a grand jury, sets Mark Robling off in search of his own thing, crimewise. He finds he can't bring himself to use the heroin he buys, and his intended rape victim cooperates. But what about murder? The author, who made a reputation in television drama, might have pulled off this story on the tube, but in a novel, where the reader is in charge of the pace and can stop and think at any time, it doesn't work at all. Mark Robling is not motivated by his impulses but by a plot. —HASKEL FRANKEL

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Photography

Margaret R. Weiss

Everyman's Reader

IF ANDRE KERTESZ were within viewing distance with his camera, you might at this moment be under the scrutiny of his lens. Capturing images of readers—people of all ages, nationalities, occupations, and circumstances caught in the act of scanning the printed page—has been one of the enduring private pleasures of this pioneer photojournalist.

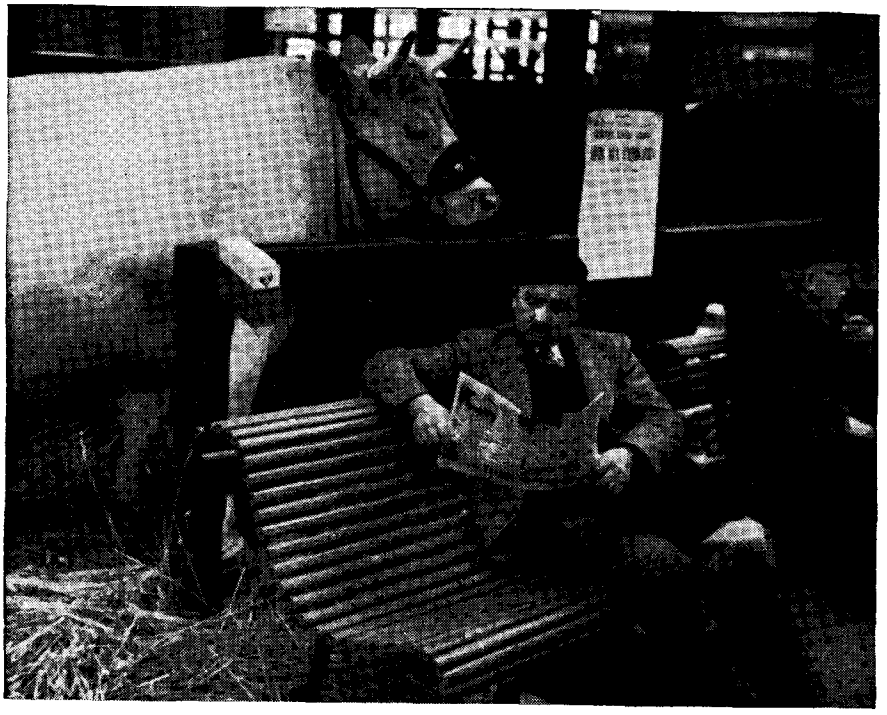
Long before Kertész's photography brought him into prominence in the Paris salons of the late 1920s, he was an instinctive *flâneur*. In the best Atget tradition, he encountered his subjects as readily in a remote hamlet of his native Hungary or the bleak anonymity of a World War I barracks as he did years later in the august halls of the Académie Française and the Bibliothèque Nationale. Spanning frontiers, continents, and almost six decades, his camerawork has recorded the passing scene—and those who paused in passing to seek information, diversion, comfort, or escape through the written word.

This keen-eyed interest in other people's reading habits is certainly an extension of his own concern with visual communications. But, more important, these are subjects that exactly echo his professional approach as a photographer: "It is not enough to look. You must *see*, and 'see' means 'read.'"

For Kertész the reader is Everyman: the boy catching up on yesterday's news in a paper-littered alleyway, the monk studying an illuminated hymnal, the rooftop sunbather in Greenwich Village, Paris park bench habitués, a circus clown marking time between performances, the little girl for whom a storybook still holds more attraction than a window display of boutique fashions, a Bowery scrounger who manages to find a scrap of laughter, the confirmed bookworm—even the bug taking its ease on a volume of Voltaire.

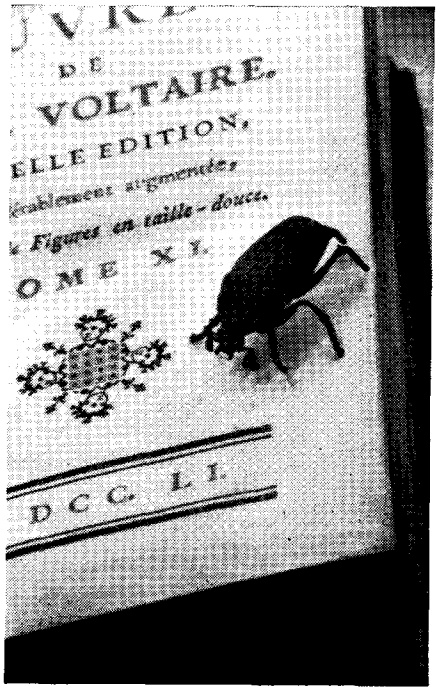
Next month a collection of these camera cameos will appear between covers in *On Reading* (Grossman). The lightest "summer reading" of all—a book without words, except for a listing of dates and places to identify the individual pictures—it is diverting visual fare for all seasons. And among the countless readers who will be captivated by the wise and whimsical insights framed within its pages, there is certain to be a whole new gallery of candidates awaiting the photographer's eye—a perfect foil for one whose lens language transforms the act of looking into the art of seeing beyond the surface and reading between the lines.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDRE KERTESZ



Paris, 1931.

Paris, 1929.



New York, July 30, 1969.

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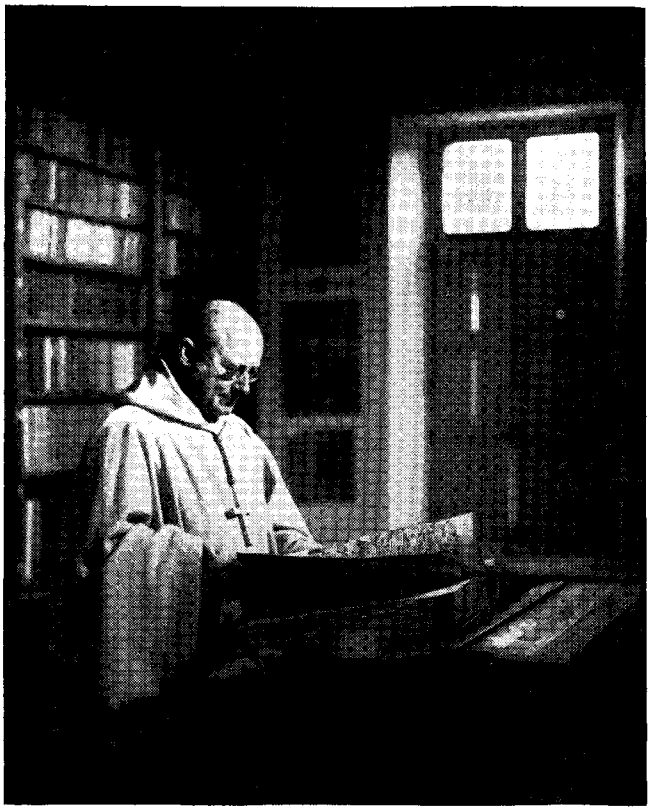
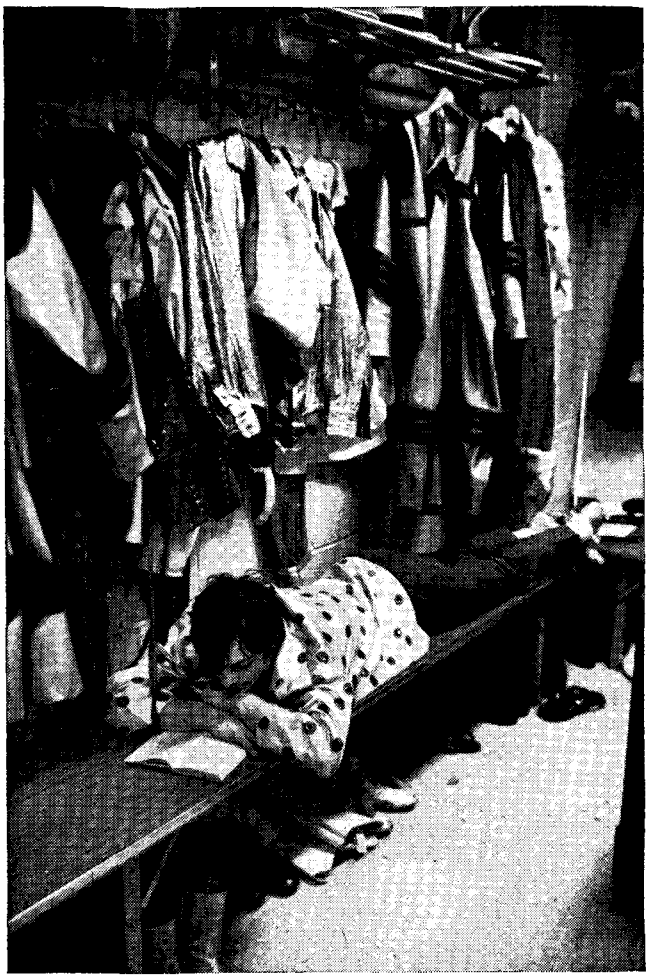


Trappist monastery, Soligny-sur-Orne, October 14, 1928.

The Bowery, December 8, 1960.

Christopher Street, Greenwich Village, September 23, 1962.



Circus, New York, May 4, 1969.

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World of Dance

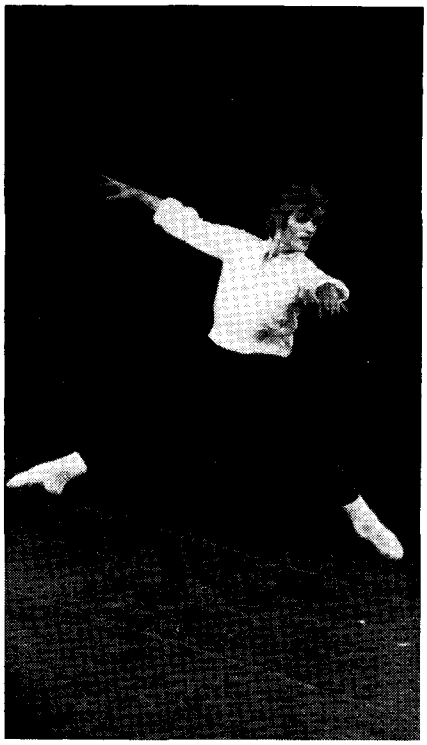
Walter Terry

The Genius of Robbins

To the ear, J. S. Bach's "Goldberg Variations" has been a masterpiece since it was composed in 1742 as *Aria mit verschiedenen Veränderungen*; to the eye, it has now become another kind of masterpiece, a dance composition choreographed by Jerome Robbins for the New York City Ballet. I first saw it at an "open rehearsal," with the choreographer as informative host, last summer during the New York City Ballet's month-long engagement (an annual event) at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center (*SR*, Aug. 15, 1970). As a finished ballet, it had its premiere this spring with the City Ballet at the New York State Theater.

It is a ballet that belongs to that music-concert-theater genre in which Robbins has already triumphed with his *Dances at a Gathering* and *In the Night*, both to piano music (the latter, nocturnes only) of Chopin. These also are non-narrative ballets, and they are, by the nature of the music itself, more romantic in cast than the Bach. But all three are rich in incident, in suggestion. *The Goldberg Variations*, though cool, is not cold, and there is a graciousness to it, touched with shining moments of wit, that is captivating. How describe it? It is classical ballet in form and usually in step, but there is a freedom of choreographic invention that carries it beyond ballet into total dance. In a very real sense, it is a paean to dance movement, for, in stance as well as in mind, it echoes the preclassic dance forms of two hundred years ago while it progresses effortlessly and liltingly into the almost horizonless range of today's dance accomplishments.

There are endless images to savor in memory: two introductory figures in simulated court dress giving way to the spare and pure figures of multiple dancers in leotards and tights and, at the close, a full company in the elegance of court dress being given an amen by two figures in unadorned tights—a cycle of yesterday, today, tomorrow. Or, perhaps, recall Peter Martins, in a solo, standing like a hinged



—*Martha Swope*

Peter Martins—"a Petrushka-like figure, motivated by the music into the curved contours of classical ballet."

doll, a Petrushka-like figure, motivated by the music into the curved contours of classical ballet and, at the close, returning to the inverted figure of the puppet; or Anthony Blum ending the first section of the ballet with a grand gesture saying, "Here comes the ballerina!" and being met at the opening of Part II by an onrushing bevy of ballerinas; or the monumental circle pattern toward the end of the ballet; or . . . endless memories of dance beauty.

When *The Goldberg Variations* was done in preview at Saratoga, a harpsichord was used. At opening night in New York City, the accompaniment was piano. At a subsequent matinee, the harpsichord was tried again. In both forms of accompaniment, Gordon Boelzner was the admirable, laudable musician. Robbins himself says that he prefers the support of the piano since "I worked with the piano in rehearsal when the ballet was being created, and it is closely related to those sounds."

As for the length of the ballet—nearly an hour-and-a-half without intermission—it has disturbed a few, but Robbins carefully considered editing and then determined, "I could not violate the music. It is there, all there, and if the mind wanders, let it rest and then come back." The length, for most of us, is felt, but the ballet never bogs down, and the unhurried pace of an earlier age comes as a gratifying experience. I notice now that I have mentioned only two principal dancers, but this was done simply "for example"; all twelve featured dancers and the twenty-plus supporting artists are equally important in a superb ballet best described by an unidentified voice sitting somewhere near me on opening night: "It's perfectly simple to explain. Robbins is a genius, that's all."

* * *

Finally, some capsule criticisms.

The Stuttgart Ballet added a third divertissement program—the core of the repertory is the full-evening ballet idiom—as it neared the end of its six-week season at the Metropolitan Opera House (it will be back before long with Dame Margot Fonteyn as guest star). I liked especially John Cranko's *Mozart Concerto* (Concerto for Flute and Harp in C), a delicious ballet for two ballerinas and a corps of ardent cavaliers (this is a ballet seen on an earlier Stuttgart trip), and a charming *pas de deux* from Alan Beale's new staging of *Coppélia* (Delibes), originally created for Stuttgart's brand-new Noverre ballet (Joyce Cuoco and Andrew Oxenham were enchanting in it). A *pas de quatre* by Cranko from *Russlan and Ludmila* was pretty much of a dud, but the "Mirror Scene" from Cranko's full-length *Eugene Onegin* (Tchaikovsky) as danced by that great ballerina Marcia Haydée, assisted by Heinz Clauss, held up not only as an extract but as an entity.

Gaku is not an Oriental name but, rather, the title given to a group of dancers by its choreographer-dancers Richard Gain and Richard Kuch. The Gaku Dance Theater and the Sophie Maslow Dance Company gave a series of performances in the theater of the Riverside Church. Miss Maslow's *Country Music* is an agreeable modern-day extension of her now-historic *Folksay;* Gain's *Fellow Voyager* is feeble Martha Graham, and his . . . *I Never Saw Another Butterfly* mixes, and very awkwardly, balleticisms with free expressional dance. But there were rewarding moments as well as disappointing ones in this expertly danced engagement.

And I would be remiss as a dance reporter if I did not note that Radio City Music Hall's newest revival of Florence Rogge's *Rhapsody in Blue* (Gershwin) not only continues its career as a show-stopper but reminds us that Miss Rogge's showbiz-ballet choreography has yet to be matched. Miss Rogge has long since retired, but her accomplishments have not.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Quist and Copland in Adelaide, S.A.

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA. IN THE VIEW of most Americans, Australia is a continent consisting largely of coastline and desert, interrupted by such cities as Sydney and Melbourne. For a few others, the cities might be expanded to include Brisbane and possibly Canberra, because the last of these gets into overseas news as the Commonwealth's capital. If there is an awareness of Adelaide, it would be among the even fewer who associate it with a Festival of the Arts held in alternate years.

For one of those to whom Adelaide was primarily a festival, a visit in a year in which the festival is off could hardly be deemed promising. But, even without benefit of festival, a week's stay in Adelaide provided: a concert by the city's symphony orchestra that included the Symphony for Orchestra and Organ by Aaron Copland; the first performance by the Australian Ballet of a choreographic treatment by its leading male dancer, Garth Welch, of the *Othello* theme; a recital of sonatas by the young French violinist Jean-Pierre Wallez; and a variety of other events dramatic and cinematic, including some journalistic histrionics by Adelaide's most celebrated theatrical son, Sir Robert Helpmann.

All this could well be measured against what is expectable in a week of an American city of Adelaide's size—762,800 at the latest census. But such an American city would be closely affiliated, in mileage, to several other cities, as large or larger, which would provide the traveling attraction—musical, balletic, or otherwise—with targets of opportunity for other engagements. The only other, more western Australian city of a size to accommodate such traveling attractions is Perth, on the far Indian Ocean side of the continent, a four-hour flight away. Heading due south, one would reach the South Pole sooner than anything else.

It is thus inescapable that there must be something other than commercial considerations to make possible the events indicated above. The "something other" is the government itself, which, through its various agencies, was responsible for everything above mentioned, including the ballet. The orchestral concert was part of a year-round activity sponsored by ABC (Australian Broadcasting Commission); likewise the recital appearance of Wallez, who is currently touring the continent under the sponsorship of ABC. Part of each event is taped for broadcast at a later date, but the procedure otherwise conforms to standard concert hall practice, including a starting time that is a punctual five minutes late.

What was of special interest in the orchestral program of "Interludes" from Britten's *Peter Grimes*, *Summer* by Bridge, Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*, as well as the Copland Symphony and the "Polovtsian Dances" from Borodin's *Prince Igor*, was the audience that filled the ornately attractive auditorium of the Adelaide Town Hall. Save for an aged interloper or two, such as this listener, it was predominantly adolescent, a counterpart of one observed in Sydney the night before at a program that included Mahler's Symphony No. 1 under the direction of Moshe Atzmon. Youth Concerts are a staple of the nationwide activity supervised by the ABC, and if the programs are sometimes formidable, they are invariably balanced to preserve listening interest on both sides of the musical equation.

The conductor of the Adelaide program by the South Australian Symphony Orchestra was, in the absence of its resident director Henry Krips (younger brother of Josef), an accomplished Australian named Patrick Thomas. A flutist by training (at the age of fourteen he played under the direction of the late Sir Eugene Goossens), Thomas prides himself on being more adept with recent scores than most, if not all, of his Australian contemporaries. Of the works on this program that I heard, the Copland was well shaped under Thomas's direction (Ashleight Tobin was the organist), though it was clear that the style of the mid-Twenties Copland was a little difficult for the players. They performed with more freedom and greater conviction in the "Polovtsian Dances," to which the contribution of the choir trained by Thomas was well above expectable quality.

That Adelaide is known as a "choral city" is due to no accident of geography or random assemblage of population. South Australia, of which it is the capital, stands apart from all the more familiar states—New South Wales (Sydney), Victoria (Melbourne), Queensland (Brisbane)—in not having been originally settled by convicts, inhabitants of debtors' courts, etc. It was colonized under the charter of a private corporation and subsequently settled by voluntary immigrants from England who brought along, among other things, a fondness for choral singing and early Sunday closing laws.

The same disciplines have made modern Adelaide a model of urban planning. Situated beside a gulf that abuts the Great Australian Bight, the city occupies a flat plain covering an area of about 200 square miles, flanked on one side by a low extension of the Mount Lofty Ranges, here around three thousand feet in height, on the other by water. Thus, there is some elevation for the morning sun to rise above and a natural barrier to shape the flat city. This is itself laid out in a grid pattern, which encloses an extraordinary amount of park land and sporting facilities of all persuasions. These include the famous Adelaide Oval, wherein Test Matches are played and on whose pitch (or turf) Adelaide's own Don Bradman ran up the extraordinary record that caused him to become the first cricketer to be knighted. Hard by are the tennis courts that nurtured such international greats as Adrian Quist and Ken McGregor.

In addition to a university, a Conservatorium, and a National Gallery, Adelaide also has a Her Majesty's Theatre (soon to be supplanted by the new theater a-building for the bi-yearly Festival of the Arts). It was at Her Majesty's—a compact construction seating perhaps 1,500—that a capacity audience greeted the Australian Ballet upon its resumption of touring after the practice interval that followed its long junket around and across the United States this past winter. This performance marked the beginning of a six-month tour that will take the troupe to Singapore, Manila, and Port Moresby before a holiday season in Melbourne ends activities for the year.

How many of the tour cities will have the opportunity to view *Othello* as seen through the eyes of Garth Welch is presently undecided. But it was the verdict of the premiere and a repetition that Welch has created a work—revolving around Othello (himself), Desdemona (Marilyn Jones, who is also Mrs. Welch), Iago (Alan Alder), and Emilia (Janet Vernon)—that is powerful, mostly direct, and straightforward storytelling. All the principals were excellent, as was the well-lit, simple staging. The score by Jerry Goldsmith (derived in large part from the soundtrack of *The Planet of the Apes*) was rather too rigorously nondescript to enhance the action, serving, in the main, as so much audible *mise en scène*.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Guilt by Comparison

THE RECENT NET/BBC two-hour special television program *Nuremberg and Vietnam: Who Is Guilty?* was taped in an NBC studio shortly before it was aired in Britain and the United States. Several moments before the taping began, the director, in his off-camera control room, asked participants in New York, London, and Berlin (the Europeans took part in the program via international satellite) to check sound levels. In New York, Robert MacNeil, on-camera BBC anchorman for the special, quipped, "Never has there been such an international clearing of throats."

The remark was prophetic, because the program produced no more than an international clearing of throats on the question of U.S. war guilt and war crimes in Vietnam, whereas one had hoped that the result would be an international clearing of minds on the subject. This was hardly the creative fault of the producers or participants. The outcome was predictable if one but examined in advance the political realities that inevitably circumscribed the discussion.

An American and a German, former justices of the World Court, along with an Englishman, formerly affiliated with that court, listened patiently to pro and con arguments on three subdivisions of the question of U.S. war guilt and then "summarized" or rendered judgments. All agreed that on the first question—the applicability of the Nuremberg tribunals to the U.S. involvement in Vietnam—the Americans were bound by the principles that they helped to establish at the conclusion of World War II, under which culpability for war crimes was extended to high military and civilian leaders. On the second and third charges the verdict of the judges was ambiguous. Was the U.S. guilty of war crimes? Yes and no. Should responsibility reach all the way to the top? Yes and no again. It all depended on circumstances and on proof of prior knowledge on the part of the accused.

Harsher summaries on the second and third counts would have been surprising; the former World Court justices are members of the legal hierarchies of current political and military allies of the United States. Had they been citizens of the Communist bloc of nations or of countries that are Cold War neutrals, different judgments might have been handed down. It is hardly likely that the NET/BBC producers would have extended invitations to participate to nationals of Communist or neutral countries. The producers themselves are members of international communications elites whose roles predispose them toward making certain coalitions rather than others. However, the stacked deck, as it were, should not be permitted to detract from the great usefulness of the program, which illuminated the Vietnam questions that are increasingly troubling the American conscience.

Telford Taylor, U.S. Chief Counsel at Nuremberg (the program was spun off his deeply probing book *Nuremberg and Vietnam: An American Tragedy*), was cast in the discussion as prosecutor. He presented his charges that American troops have violated international law in Vietnam by the establishment of free fire zones, by the killing of civilians who harbored Vietcong, by the turning over of prisoners to the South Vietnamese, by command encouragement to rank and file to commit war crimes, and by the infliction of "intolerable death and destruction." He had a mass medium opportunity to place the war crimes question in a historical, moral, and legal context and to engage in very brief debates with a number of soldiers, political advisers to American Presidents, lawyers, and a journalist who defended our leaders and soldiers on all issues. But I suspect that Mr. Taylor is after bigger game than the nailing of his own country to the cross fashioned at Nuremberg. He said that the issue of aggressive war as a crime against peace could never be settled in a domestic forum. Who would disagree?

From Nuremberg, where the victors meted out death sentences to Nazi leaders, to Vietnam, where we agonize over the innocence of our own leaders, is a great step; but it is inconceivable that a nation, in victory or defeat, will ever voluntarily condemn its own top military or civilian chiefs for war crimes. As long as the world falls short of a genuine international order, attempts to try the leaders of sovereign nations (except when totally vanquished) can be hardly more than educational adventures.

By relating Vietnam to Nuremberg and Nuremberg to ancient traditions of chivalry and of pity for civilians, Taylor—in his book, and now on television—not only is troubling this nation's conscience but is helping to move us forward toward an ideal that promises not only to mitigate the horrors of war but perhaps to abolish it altogether. As an exercise in cleared throats, *Nuremberg and Vietnam: Who Is Guilty?* was tolerable; as a lesson in world peace through law, it was a gold mine.

"This is your picture tube speaking. In ten minutes I'll burn out after six years of faithful service. Good-by, old friend."

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

New Trail to Santa Fe

MAYBE THE FINE, 7,000-foot air had something to do with it, but a half hour after pulling into Santa Fe, New Mexico, I was already talking to myself. What I couldn't stop wondering was, "Is this really the U.S.?" Part of my problem was that the first Santa Fean I met was a man named Chavez, who, as he threaded his way through the narrow streets on a dazzling May afternoon, paused momentarily to address approaching *amigos* in the local brand of Spanish. Not much more than "Qué pasa?" was exchanged, but the words somehow carried a more exotic ring than "How's it goin'?"

Little else I was to see and hear in that historic north central New Mexico city would remind me of everyday U.S.A. In fact not an hour after my arrival, out casing the town by foot, I beheld two young women seated like Buddhas on a sunny lawn across the street from the post office. Their eyes were closed and their outstretched arms dangled over their knees. When a smiling white-haired man passed me (this one said, "Hi. How are you?") and then crossed the lawn within earshot of the softly muttering meditationists without so much as a glance, I knew I was in strange territory.

Now, I've met enough disciples of Indian gurus to know you don't walk up and ask the time of day when they're in the midst of prayer and meditation. So I thought I'd take the same path as the old man just to get close enough for a good glimpse. Suddenly, however, both of the girls began to stir, stretching, arching like kittens in the afternoon sun. When the smaller one opened her eyes and smiled serenely, I said—well, I said, "Hi."

Neither of them, by that time, was too engrossed to talk, and so I sat down quietly and respectfully on the lawn while Laxsmi and Surunda (one from the Bronx, the other from L.A.) told of their recent introduction to the ways of Yogi Bhajan, which they were studying at an ashram—a sort of spiritual commune—in the hills outside Santa Fe. Far from resenting my curiosity, they spoke freely of their conversion and urged me to visit the Integral Yoga Institute at 500 West End Avenue, New York. Telephone number: TRIP-500. I asked, somewhat meekly, if it would be possible to see the ashram, and they said they were sure I would be welcome if the visit were cleared with their leaders. Those two young men I would find the following day operating Nanak's Conscious Cookery—an organic food restaurant—on Old Santa Fe Trail a few blocks from the state capitol.

Though neither girl had been in the Santa Fe area long, both were already smitten with the place. Surunda, of L.A., said in a dreamy voice: "You could feel the vibrations the moment you crossed into New Mexico." Laxsmi just nodded and sort of half-swooned.

With that introduction, how could one's stay in Santa Fe have gone any way but smoothly? It made me wonder, as the girls disappeared down a shaded street toward the ashram, if the vibes had been just as favorable three-and-a-half centuries ago when the Spanish settled Santa Fe and, later, through most of the nineteenth century, when traders, trappers, soldiers, and other wayfarers beat their way more than 1,000 miles over the Santa Fe Trail from Independence, Missouri. Certainly, they must have known something.

One of the soothing things about Santa Fe, to a twentieth-century wanderer on the lam from progress, is that this oldest of U.S. capitals has not changed drastically since it sprang up in 1610 on the ruins of an Indian pueblo. Three buildings remain from that era: the Palace of Governors, across from the central plaza, under whose portals Indians come daily to sell their jewelry, pottery, and weavings; the San Miguel Mission, where an aging French priest tells tourists the story of an ancient bell; and the so-called oldest house in the United States, an adobe hut that possibly predated the Spanish arrival by four centuries. You walk through a gift shop to get to the hallowed house, and seated there in the corner of the tiny, darkened, one-room structure is the figure of an Indian looking almost too real to touch.

Everything else in town has been built in more recent times, but architects have hewed so closely to the blocky, stony Spanish pueblo style that even the Woolworth Five and Dime, deprived of its usual red-and-white tinny front, looks old enough for Kit Carson to have shopped there. Ceilings everywhere are held up by *vigas*—parallel wood beams. One of Santa Fe's architectural institutions, recently remodeled, is La Fonda, a rambling 200-room hotel that covers the equivalent of a city block and somehow doesn't trumpet its purpose from the outside. Inside, its lobby, restaurants, bars, and rooms are furnished so quietly, if richly, that you begin to think you're staying in a friend's hacienda and not one of the Southwest's most celebrated pieces of hostelry. All the trappings are there—cool stone floors, thick Indian rugs, notched and scarred tables, hand-painted bureaus—and on top of everything are views from the patio of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

Santa Feans talk a lot of the three cultures that make up the local population (41,000), and lately they have somewhat reluctantly admitted to the coming of a fourth. In order of arrival there are the Indians, whose pueblos include Santo Domingo, Cochiti, and San Ildefonso; the Spanish, descended from the early settlers and quick to deny any link with Mexicans, Chicanos, or anyone else south of the border;

—Photos by Mark Chester, ASCAP

Down on the ashram—"a sort of spiritual commune in the hills."

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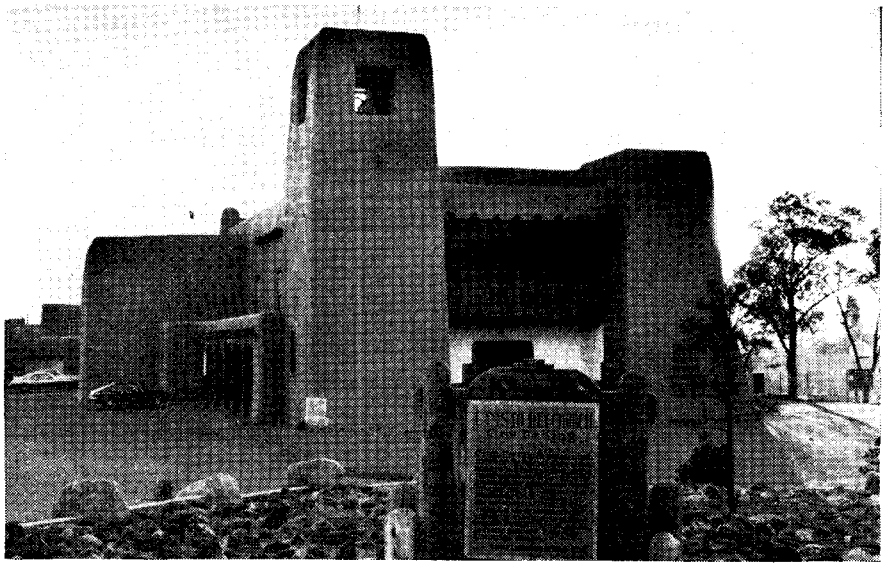

Spanish pueblo-style church—"Is this really the U.S.?"

the Anglos, who are American whites and even blacks, in other words everyone who isn't Indian or Spanish. Now come the freaks and longhairs, which is what Santa Feans call 1971 hippies. They are drawn by the rarefied mountain air and Santa Fe's centuries-old reputation for tolerating whatever races and cultures happen to become entrenched. All these diverse peoples come together each day in the town's plaza, a sort of people's park that draws groups of old Spanish men to one bench and a quorum of longhairs to the next.

One of Santa Fe's prominent subcultures is that of the artists and craftsmen who create and display their wares on Canyon Road, which snakes along a dry riverbed and into the hills above town. Late one day when the plaza had all but cleared and most people were home for dinner, I called at the Glory Hole, a onetime stable converted into a glass-blowing works by two young artists named Jack Miller and Mel Knowles. Their glasswork is considered some of the best craftsmanship on Canyon Road, but as Miller put it, seated in his showroom, which was a dirt-floor saddle room a year and a half ago, "It's hard to make a living here. Nobody gets rich in Santa Fe. The winters are long and lonely, and when the tourists start showing up in June—so many bourgeois people you wouldn't believe it—we put on a little glass-blowing show outside. We're much more into working than selling, but we have to get by."

One of his assistants, a girl who had been celebrating some event with a bottle of tequila, cut in and said: "You should see all those plastic fantastic people tripping on what we do." She grew impatient with my questions and when I made the mistake of referring to one of three local cultural groups as Mexicans—instead of Spanish—she bristled like a cornered porcupine. "Why," she sputtered, "how can you call them Mexicans? These are proud people. They've made some class out of this crummy soil."

Jack Miller calmed the girl, and before we could get into it again, I left and walked up the road to the Pot Shop. Its proprietress, Priscilla Hoback, whom the younger craftsmen of Canyon Road regard as Mother Earth, was sitting at her bench kneading a piece of stoneware clay. Mrs. Hoback, plump, agreeable, sharp-witted, explained why her style is more influenced by the Orientals than by nearby Indians. "The Japanese are more functional. The Indians make ceremonial pottery. It's hard to feel the same about a piece of pottery you put your dead grandmother in as you do about one you drink your tea from."

She offered some wine to browsing customers from a bottle of Chianti standing on the bench and drank herself from an irregular blue glass made by Jack Miller. The red telephone beside the bench was clotted with brown clay. "This road," she said, referring to the quality of craftsmanship, "is slowly changing for the better. We have two really fine European woodworkers, and our glass blowers are the best in the world. But as usual we have our spring outcropping of head shops and various leatherwork joints run by college kids trying to start up their first business. What they don't seem to realize is that you can't just start stamping out leather bands without training first."

Like many other residents, Priscilla Hoback is worried about the quality of life in Santa Fe. She fears that the population will double in the next five years, the result of discontented big-city dwellers running from their urban anxieties. "We'll suffer like Carmel," she said, referring to the artistic colony on the California coast.

Her immediate recommendation, when I asked about Santa Fe's nighttime offerings, was Claude's. "Everyone shows up there," she said. "It's the closest thing we have to what it must have been like at the end of the Santa Fe Trail." If the hardies who survived that long overland trek in the 1840s behaved anything like the crowd in Claude's, they never would have found their way back to Independence. Too tipsy to be merely drunk, they wandered around the bar and adjoining pool room in a mounting haze. What stories I could make out were of dead-end young people who would be back at the same stool the following night.

Next day—one dry, clear, and sweet with lilacs—I got directions to the ashram from a softspoken, bearded young man in white Indian (from India) shirt at the health-food restaurant. On a sere hillside a few miles from town I pulled up beside a large tepee and a garden being worked by, among others, Laxsmi and Surunda. I felt slightly profligate climbing out of my enormous, Hertz-rented Ford LTD, but the two girls smilingly motioned me into the lettuce patch and bade me sit down in a parched furrow while they chanted their mantras and separated lettuce plants that had been planted too close together. Laxsmi, of the Bronx, handed me her large spoon and told me to replant a few of the tiny growths. My spoon pierced the earth too close to the roots, cutting the life from the infant plants. Laxsmi smiled and told me to try again, but I gave back the spoon and settled into the furrow to watch.

Shortly before the conch shell was blown for lunch, one of the ashram leaders took me around the twelve-acre spread like a farmer showing off his south forty. Bill Steen—once an ROTC cadet and SAE fraternity boy at the University of Arizona, now a pupil of Yogi Bhajan in a white turban and Indian shirt—told me the ashram should not be confused with a hippie commune. "Most of us went through the hippie way of life and have disassociated ourselves from it," he said in tones soft as the wind blowing through the juniper trees. "This is more a spiritual community. Celibacy is important to us. Sex is only between married couples. If anyone used to be promiscuous, it was me, but I've just channeled my energy elsewhere."

The wind lifted, whistling, and blew up a funnel of dust that danced across the hillside. We talked until a prayer from the "sacred writings of the Sikhs" was said over a lunch of greens, and then the dozen or so young people, including an infant boy, chanting and singing their mantra—"Satnam . . . Satnam . . . Satnam"—began to eat around a wooden table. They wouldn't have believed it at my lunch counter on 47th Street.

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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

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No Energy to Waste

Last summer events conspired to impress on the members of the U.S. Senate the foolhardiness of assuming that modern American civilization will keep running smoothly regardless of inept management of its sources of energy. All along the Atlantic Coast electric power shortages occurred, dimming lights and TV screens and lowering the cooling efficiency of air conditioners. Popular protests against environmental abuses blocked the building of new nuclear power stations to generate more power. Toughened mine safety regulations rocketed costs of digging more coal to substitute for oil and gas during an autumn shortage. The Interior Department was only getting started on a scheme to open public lands for prospecting for geothermal steam. No one could clearly see which way to turn. Senate leaders decided the time had come to ask the President to order a formal study of the dilemma and recommend a national policy for conservation and use of energy.

A national commission seemed the best prospect for relatively quick action. Appropriate legislation was drawn to create one that would report its findings both to the President and to the Congress. While the drafters were still at work, word came from the White House, in the form of testimony at a Congressional hearing, that President Richard Nixon would not welcome the proposal for a study commission. There was no need for a commission, he felt, because he had already appointed, responsible only to himself, an energy study task force headed by Paul McCracken, chairman of his Council of Economic Advisers.

As though to accent his unsympathetic attitude, Mr. Nixon acted unconventionally in regard to a similar body already in being: the National Water Commission. In keeping with custom, its members had submitted their resignations as a courtesy to the incoming Chief Executive. Ordinarily, such tokens of respect are declined. But in the case of the National Water Commission the resignations were accepted. Only the Republican members were reappointed, the Democrats being replaced by other Republicans.

The Presidential one-two left the Senators bruised and resentful. Feeling momentarily helpless, they abandoned their hopes for an energy commission and waited for a Presidential announcement of the findings of his task force. The 1970 Congressional session ended in bitter silence. The 1971 session opened in no better mood.

Still having heard nothing from the White House by May 3, the Senate on that day adopted a resolution creating a special National Energy Policy Study Subcommittee of the standing Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. Senator Henry Jackson, of Washington State, chairman of the parent committee, was designated to head the special subcommittee, which was empowered to identify elements of a national energy policy and spread them on the public record. The primary responsibility fell on the Interior Committee because its jurisdiction includes the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines, and the Bureau of Land Reclamation, all generators and regulators of natural power sources. But the Senate Commerce Committee, the Senate Public Works Committee, and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy are also concerned with the production and distribution of power. So the chairman and ranking minority member of each of those committees were assigned to the special National Energy Policy Study Subcommittee. An appropriation of $200,000 was authorized to cover expenses of the first ten months of an eighteen-month-long analysis, the conclusions of which were ordered to go to Congress alone.

A month and a day after this demonstration of Senate determination to resolve the energy crisis, President Nixon sent to the Congress a special message outlining what he considered to be proper ways and means to bring the supply of and demand for energy closer toward balance during the next ten to fifteen years. The prevailing imbalance, the message said, was largely due to "the fact that energy has been relatively inexpensive in this country." Correction therefore lies largely "in pricing energy on the basis of its full cost to society," and in recognizing that those costs will rise as environmental protection measures take effect.

The question of who will pay most of the energy bill was side-stepped, perhaps because of its politically explosive nature. The President did not even mention the necessity of deciding whether the big power users (the more affluent elements of society) will con-

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tinue to pay less per kilowatt for electricity they consume or whether rates of payment for electricity will be scaled in the opposite direction to make it easier for small power users (generally poorer people, many of them ghetto dwellers) to meet their needs.

The Nixon message failed to make any acknowledgment of the interaction between energy policy and transportation policy. Much oil is used to fuel trucks that carry freight over the highways. In terms of horsepower per pound, experts say the energy in the oil would be more efficiently used if the freight were carried in railroad trains drawn by oil-burning locomotives. Does the government wish to encourage rail traffic over truck traffic? The President gave no sign.

Also missing from the Nixon message was any explicit statement of priorities to govern the use of petroleum. Should oil wells in American territory be capped and their owners given compensation for leaving the oil in the earth while foreign oil is bought for present-day American use? Or should current competition between foreign and domestic oil continue in the American market? No answer was indicated.

However, a principal policy shift suggested by the Nixon message would entail lessened dependence on oil and increased reliance on coal (through its conversion to gas) and radioactive chemicals (through development of nuclear fission furnaces that breed new fuel to replace the fuel they burn). A minor shift was implied by a Nixon proposal for intensified exploration of the potential of geothermal steam from inside the Earth and of power from the sun.

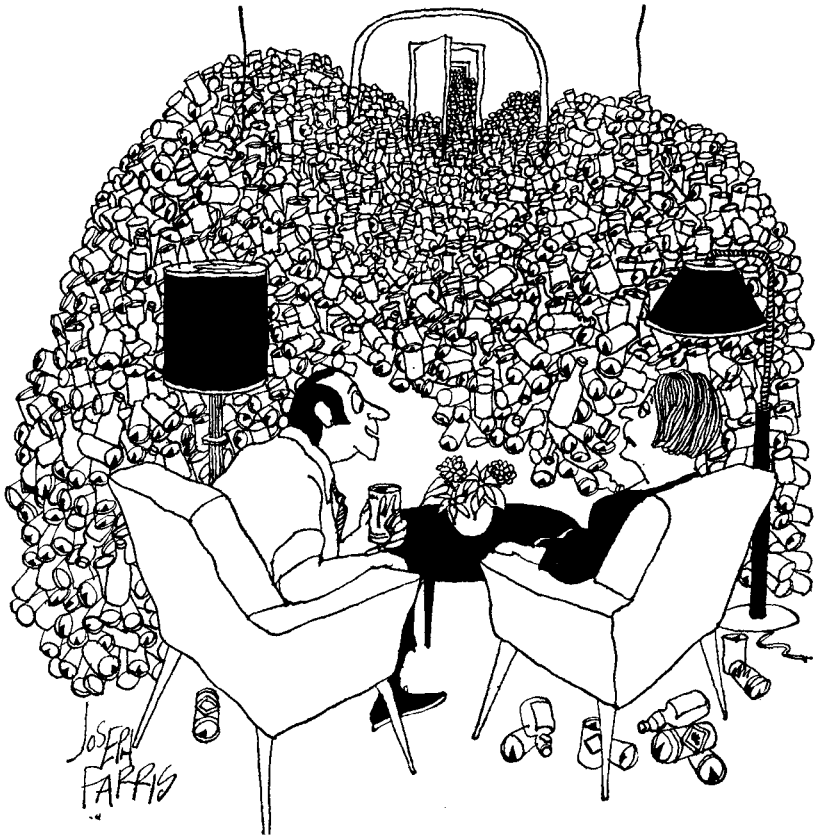
The facts behind the Presidential task force's findings were not made public, and White House spokesmen said they would not be. Within two weeks of confirmation of the President's position on this point, the Senate's special new National Energy Policy Study Subcommittee held its first hearings with members of the Nixon energy task force as witnesses. Most of the day was spent in posturing by Senators intent on prying out documentation for the Nixon message and in counter-posturing by Presidential cabinet members and White House staffers committed to withholding the background data pending transmission of specific drafts of legislation expressive of the national energy policy preferred by the President.

The Senate hearing process will probably not be pursued further until after the Congressional recess now set for the month of August. But Congressional aides charged with the task of assembling elements of a national energy policy for Senate consideration are already becoming aware of unanticipated repercussions from their work.

For example, the search for an energy policy runs parallel in time with a search for means of recycling natural resources that are now wasted. In recent months, demands for recycling have mounted to craze proportions. But those who have most closely examined the problems inherent in recycling have learned that recycling requires energy—especially electrical energy—to drive the crushers, grinders, blowers, and melters that make recycling possible. Therefore, any determination of the extent to which government grants should be put into projects demonstrating the value of recycling will have to include an appraisal of recycling's cost in terms of energy, particularly of electrical energy, which accounts for one-third of the nation's entire supply of power: the third that is at the moment most vulnerable. Obviously, a recycling process that can energize itself or supply an appreciable share of the energy needs of its own operation will be more desirable than one that cannot do so.

In this context, *SR*'s Environment supplement here brings to the attention of its readers a unique garbage collection system that originated in a 300-bed hospital in a town in northern Sweden a decade ago and has since been adapted to apartment buildings in suburbs of Stockholm and in cities of a half-dozen other countries including the United States. The system is described in following pages by Bertram B. Johansson, a *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent. Fundamentally simple, the system is a giant version of the vacuum pipe networks that convey sales slips, coins, and bills through many department stores and rocket mail underground between the New York City boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn. The only difference is in the cargo. The big pipes whisk away garbage.

In Ör, the subdivision of Sundbyberg where the Swedish vacuum system of garbage disposal was first used in an apartment block, the waste collected is incinerated in such a way as to provide hot water for the settlement in summer and to lower the heating bill in winter. This contribution to the economics of living has a particular significance in relation to solid waste disposal within the United States, where garbage collection is the third most costly public expenditure, exceeded only by schools and roads. A recent book written by William E. Small, who served for a time on the staff of the United States Senate Committee on Public Works, includes a prediction that "within thirty years garbage collection may dwarf civil rights, national



"Admit it. Now that they're starting to recycle this stuff, aren't you glad I didn't throw it out?"

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defense, and crime in the streets as a major U.S. political problem."

The new White House Environmental Protection Agency is struggling to focus multifarious approaches to solid waste disposal. Spokesmen for EPA say the agency is concentrating on the four principal objectives of solid waste management enunciated jointly in 1969 by several committees of the National Academy of Sciences and the National Academy of Engineering. These objectives are:

1) To improve the quality and coverage of solid waste collection service;
2) To improve efficiency of operation through increased mechanization and reduced labor requirements of the collection system;
3) To reduce the accident rate and improve the skills of operating personnel through education and training;
4) To economically recover and adequately process or recycle increasing portions of the solid waste burden.

Historically, the first three of those goals have been obstructed by man's misunderstanding of man. Though essential to all of us, garbage collection has been granted respect by few. Collectors' wages have been low. These have risen in recent years, and efforts are now afoot to turn the man with the broom into a manager of robots that will do his work for him.

In Scottsdale, Arizona, there is an experimental truck with an articulated arm built by Western Body and Hoist of Los Angeles. Upon instruction from the truck driver, the arm reaches out and down to pick up cans containing either 80 or 300 gallons of garbage each, empties them into the truck, and returns them to the sidewalk curb. The driver, who has no help other than the mechanical arm, never leaves his cab. Even with higher pay for him, the cost is only 40 per cent of the cost of conventional garbage collection.

Having run up several months of operating experience, this one-man truck is closer to acceptance than another proposed collection vehicle that gathers garbage without stopping. Traveling along the curb at five miles per hour, it automatically upends garbage cans, empties them onto a conveyor belt in the truck, and returns them to the sidewalk right side up.

Neither of these mechanized collectors remotely approaches the sophistication of the Swedish vacuum collection system, which eliminates collectors and collection trucks alike. Nevertheless, they may be the means of helping us across whatever span of time we must spend in catching up with technology. If the first vacuum disposal systems slated for installation in this country (in the Martin Luther King, Jr. Memorial Hospital at Watts, California; in Walt Disney World at Orlando, Florida; in the existing Penn Station South apartments and the proposed new Welfare Island community of New York City) pay for themselves within six years as has happened in Sweden, the waiting time should not be overlong.

That the Swedish vacuum disposal system or some close kin to it will be the ultimate answer to the American solid waste accumulation problem seems apparent from a review of how government monies are being spent in this area of technology. The most highly rated and most widely discussed garbage disposal project now being supported by EPA's Solid Waste Management Division is Combustion Power Unit-400, an electric power generating refuse burner designed by the Combustion Power Company, Inc., of Palo Alto, California. This three-year-old firm is staffed by physicists, chemists, and engineers from the extraterrestrial space exploration community. Experts in jet propulsion, they are building CPU-400 around a gas turbine, which is a type of jet engine. The turbine—priced at around $1.8-million and marketed off the shelf by General Electric, Pratt-Whitney, and Westinghouse—is turned by the gases its own motion generates. Once started moving, the engine blades force air into a closed chamber at pressures high enough to melt a big bowl of sand. Garbage is dropped into the chamber and onto the boiling sand after passing through grinders made by Eidel International of Albuquerque, which specializes in the shredding of automobiles. On its way from the shredder to the boiling pot, the refuse is dried in an air stream that removes metals, glass, and rocks so that the remaining substance will burn at a predictable rate. The intense heat dissolves sulfur dioxide as well as hydrochloric acid produced by the plastic content of the garbage.

The numeral 400 in the name of the CPU-400 trash burner indicates the unit's garbage capacity: 400 tons a day, the average output of 160,000 people. Combustion Power Company hopes to sell the burners at a price between $4.5- and $5-million each. The land requirement is estimated at a single acre. If the garbage is assumed to have a moisture content of 20 per cent, its heating value will run to 5,000 British thermal units per pound. The heating value of dry garbage is 6,300 BTU/lb. The highest grade of coal has a value of 14,000 BTU/lb., but many coals give 6,000 BTU/lb. or less. Translated into electric current generated by the turning of the turbine, the estimated heat values of the garbage amount to 15,000 kilowatts of power.

In describing CPU-400 to Congressional committees, Combustion Power Company officials called attention to the ease with which CPU-400 could be hooked onto the Swedish vacuum system of garbage collection (illustrated by the sketch on page 43).

EPA's Solid Waste Management Division is supporting development of two alternatives to CPU-400. One of these is known as the Torrax system and is being built in Erie County, New York, by Carborundum subsidiaries and affiliates. The Torrax system burns garbage in the absence of oxygen and produces fuel gas.

The second alternative to CPU-400 is a scheme being worked out jointly by the Union Electric Power Company and the city of St. Louis. Here garbage is to be burned as a substitute for coal to raise steam in the company's conventional water boilers.

In addition to the trash disposal projects supported by EPA, other experiments in conversion of garbage into one or another form of energy are being financed from the private funds of five enterprises: Monsanto at St. Louis; Garrett Research at La Verne, California; Union Carbide at Tarrytown, New York; Battelle Northwest at Richland, Washington; and Hercules at Wilmington, Delaware.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

Pioneer

SINCE we are wont to belabor the military for its mistakes, it is only fair to credit the U.S. Navy with a significant piece of pioneering in environmental protection.

The Navy was the first in this country to generate steam by incinerating garbage. The practice was begun at the Norfolk Naval Station in Virginia in 1967. The furnace cost $2.2-million but saves the Navy $50,000 a year.

About 140 tons of garbage and trash a day are disposed of in this facility. The waste of 65,000 men, women, and children is trucked to the burner from berthed ships, homes on the naval base, mess halls, and a residential section of nearby Norfolk.

About 50,000 pounds of steam are generated every hour. The steam produces electric power and heats buildings throughout the area of Sewell's Point.

The unburnable residue of the operation is scraped from the incinerator and used as landfill.

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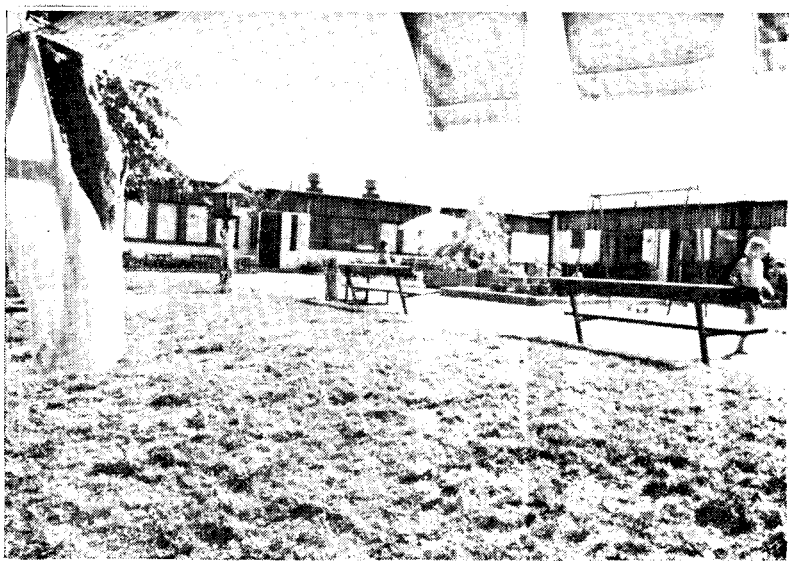

WHISKING THE GARBAGE

A report from a visitor to a town in Sweden where trash flies through vacuum pipes.

by BERTRAM B. JOHANSSON

STOCKHOLM.

The Swedish zeal for preserving the environment reflects a recognition that the individual human is as responsible for pollution as is industry. This national characteristic expresses itself in many ways—from the housewife's sloshing of water over the front steps of her home every morning to the government's willingness to pay up to half the cost of the modern sewage disposal facilities all municipalities and towns in Sweden are required to put into operation by 1972. Among the multitude of efforts to deal with pollution at the points where it originates is one that is only now becoming widely known. It is directed at garbage and refuse disposal and follows a logic of revolutionary simplicity couched in a single question: If pipes can be used to bring water to houses and apartments and industrial plants, and if pipes can be used to take away sewage, why can't pipes also be used to get rid of the rubbish of life in the home, office, and factory? Anyone can discover the answer for himself by visiting Sundbyberg, a town on the northwestern edge of Stockholm.

Sundbyberg is spreading a population of 30,000 persons westward from a nucleus that is half a century old. Within its growing perimeter are three new and spacious neighborhoods of three- and four-story apartment buildings punctuated here and there with higher rising towers. These places are notable for landscaped courtyards, full of flower gardens and playgrounds. Children romp in these light, airy spaces, free of automobiles, trucks, and carbon monoxide fumes. There are no threatening roads or driveways, not even narrow paths to facilitate the household amenities common to all towns. Pickups of garbage are as unnecessary here as is the clanking of ashcans.

Sundbyberg housewives bag their garbage in their kitchens, as city residents almost universally do. The bags are then dropped into chutes recessed in the walls of apartment houses.

Up to that point, the Sundbyberg refuse collection system is identical with all other urban waste collection systems. At that point, however, the resemblance ends.

The Sundbyberg garbage bags, instead of dropping into an incinerating pit at the bottom of the disposal chute, fall only a few feet before being stopped by a steel disc about three feet across. The disc is a valve that opens into a spiral-welded steel pipe hidden within the walls of the apartment complex. Periodically, the valve turns momentarily. Whatever is resting on it at that moment empties into the pipe, the inner diameter of which ranges from sixteen to twenty-four inches while the thickness of its walls is between two-tenths and three-tenths of an inch in order to withstand the pressure of the vacuum it contains.

When the valve opens, the vacuum's pull sucks it clean, whisking its burden away at very high speed. En route to that point, the pipe may slope as much as twenty degrees off the horizontal and follow curves of five to seven feet radius over stretches up to a mile and a half in length without diminishing efficiency. Beneath and between the apartment buildings the pipe occupies the same trench as the water and sewer mains. At the central collection point flexible joints (to minimize noise) connect the pipes to pumps that maintain the vacuum and heap all the rubbish together.

The central refuse pile may contain such disparate items as Christmas trees, heavy steam irons, coat hangers, umbrellas, paint cans, bottles, paper, and cardboard—in fact, anything that can be pushed through the chute openings in the apartment house hallway walls. An automatic process sifts glass and metals out of the heap. Putrid odors are removed from the air before

BERTRAM B. JOHANSSON is a correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor*. For many years he was stationed at United Nations headquarters in New York. He visited Sundbyberg on assignment from *SR*'s Environment supplement.

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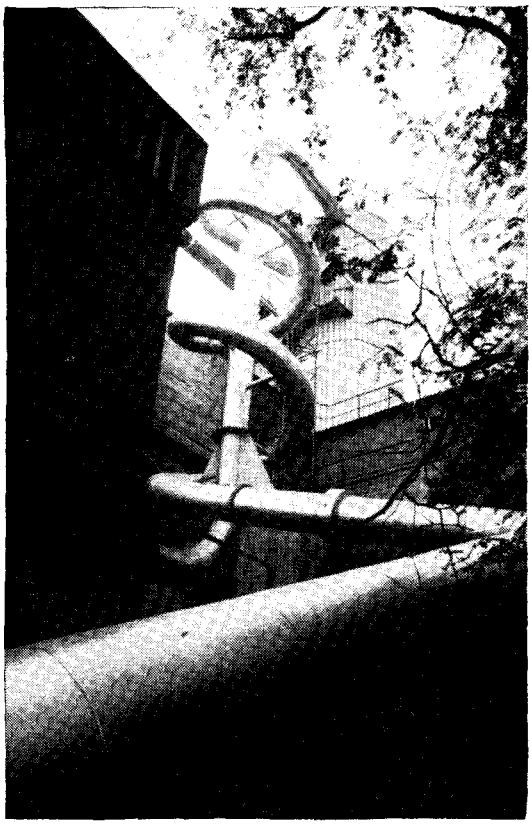

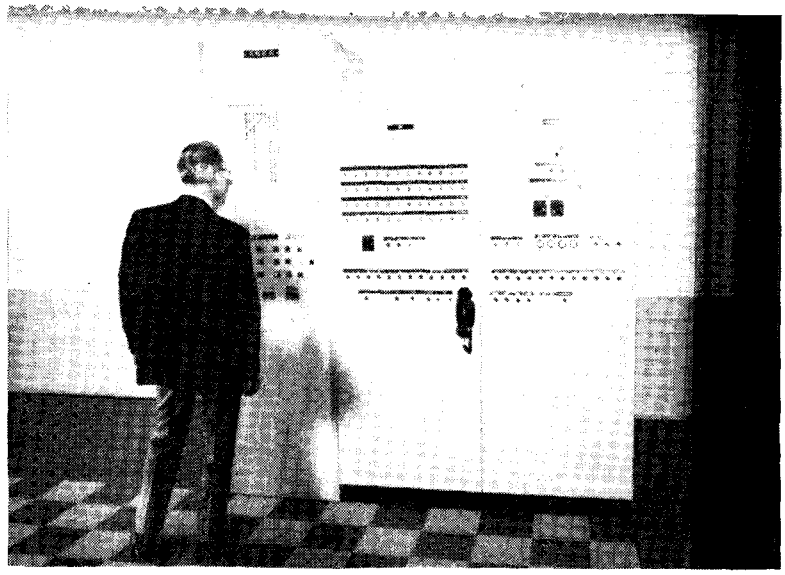

—Photos courtesy of Swedish Information Service

The sophisticated new vacuum system that disposes of garbage in Ör, a subdivision of the town of Sundbyberg, Sweden, just northwest of Stockholm, leaves courtyards between apartment houses free of motor traffic and other impediments to children's play, as shown by photos on opposite page. Vacuum piping leading to garbage storage silo is pictured on this page (left) while one-man control panel for the subdivision's entire garbage disposal system appears in operation above. Robot requires only sporadic attention.

it is expelled. The refuse remaining in the pile is whisked on into an incinerator to provide heat for the 1,100 apartments that now use the vacuum disposal system.

Since 65 per cent of the refuse at Sundbyberg is paper, the heat obtained from the incinerator averages about 2,200 to 2,500 calories per kilo (2.2 pounds) of rubbish, or approximately one-fourth of the heat that would be produced by the burning of fuel oil. In summer, the vacuum system of garbage disposal thus provides hot water for all apartments served by the system. In winter, the burning of the refuse alone obviously cannot heat Sundbyberg, but it does reduce the burden on the oil burners and hence saves money. Efficiency is attested by the fact that the original 1,100-apartment system in the Sundbyberg subdivision of Ör, after five years of operation, is now being matched by another system serving 1,800 more apartments in the subdivision of Hallonbergen. And still more apartments are being hooked up in a third subdivision of Sundbyberg—Storskorgen.

The trash gathered by the vacuum collectors in Sundbyberg is incinerated about half a mile from the apartment complexes; thus the fumes, which are scrubbed relatively clean in the chimney stacks, rarely reach the apartments. But the Swedes think they can do better than that, and they have installed a variant of the Sundbyberg vacuum system—one without an incinerator—at another Stockholm suburb, Sollentuna. This innovation is designed to serve 1,250 apartments initially. At its underground receiving station, the trash, instead of being burned, is compressed into containers twenty to thirty feet long. Trucks transport these portable bins to one of four large incinerators that are being erected by the city on the outskirts of Stockholm, far from residential centers. In addition to chimney scrubbers similar to those at Sundbyberg, the Sollentuna incinerator is equipped with special air filtering devices.

Housewives living in the Sundbyberg apartments told me they are hardly aware that the vacuum disposal system is operating in their buildings. They take the convenience for granted. They are, of course, grateful for the absence of odors, dust, and whining garbage trucks.

The Swedes have been perfecting vacuum conveyance of refuse for at least a decade. Calor-Celcius, Sweden's largest manufacturer of piping, has done the pioneering through a subsidiary, Centralsug. Seven examples of the Centralsug system are operating in Sweden today.

The first was designed in 1960 for a hospital at Sollefteå in northern Sweden. By then it was commonplace for hospitals to dispose of soiled linen through a vacuum system with inlets set in the walls of each floor of the institution. The architect responsible for planning the Sollefteå hospital asked if the Centralsug engineers couldn't augment this ordinary disposal system with an extraordinary one that would carry off all hospital garbage and refuse as well. Centralsug came up with two separate systems—one for the linens, the other for the refuse—which were duly built.

Installation occurred in 1961. The system worked so well that Centralsug determined to further explore the potential of the vacuum disposal idea. The Sundbyberg project was undertaken. It was completed in 1966. Three years later, the experiment was repeated twice: in a hospital at Lowenstromska and in the Hallonbergen apartment block in Sundbyberg. The Sollentuna complex northeast of Stockholm came next, in 1970, accompanied in the same year by a 3,900-apartment installation at Österhaninge, south of Stockholm. In April 1971, vacuum collection service was made available to 1,200 apartments in Bagarmossen, also on Stockholm's southern rim.

One of the more novel applications of the vacuum disposal principle to industry has been ventured in the Pripps brewery, the largest in Sweden. There a million bottles of beer are filled every day. Thousands of broken bottles are shunted away, and tons of

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beer mash are whooshed off to containers for sale as animal feed.

Centralsug does not claim its vacuum waste disposal system is foolproof. Operating problems do arise. Valves sometimes stick. Electrical systems occasionally fail. But repairs seldom take longer than a few hours. Fires can break out as readily as in other chute systems if someone drops a match or a lighted cigarette into it. Usually the rushing winds in the pipes extinguish the flames, but, if not, automatic sprinklers go into action.

Housewives I have interviewed here are unanimous in their favorable opinion of the vacuum system. But they have not been the decisive element in spreading word of the effectiveness of vacuum disposal of solid waste. The benefits of the system are most appreciated by municipal or communal agencies that normally pay for garbage collection. Although capital investment costs seem high when considered in isolation, operating expense, when cost-accounted over a twenty-year period, begins to break even with manual collection expense within six years. The big savings come in wages, which account for 80 per cent of manual collection costs but only 5 per cent of the total cost of the vacuum system.

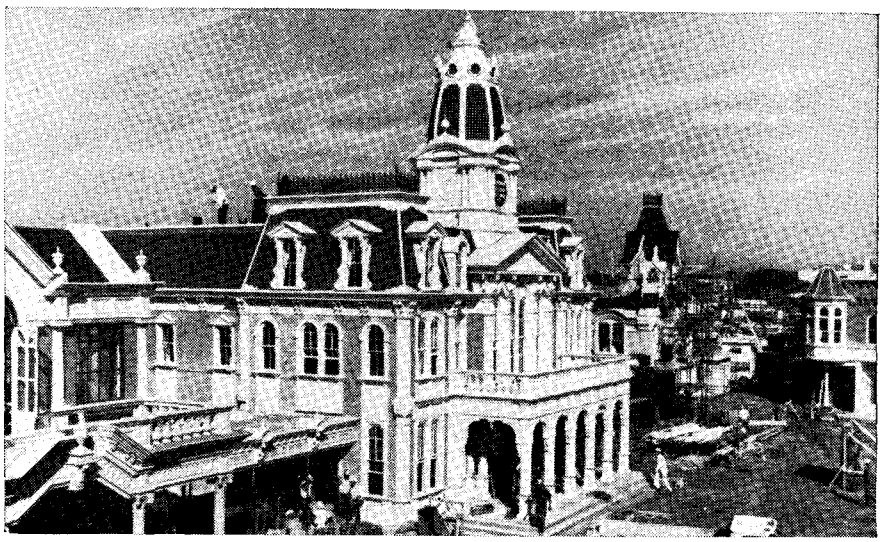
The average Swede produces about 2.2 pounds of refuse per day. The volume the nation must dispose of is increasing at the rate of 3 to 4 per cent per year (7 per cent in Stockholm, according to one recent study). This amounts to a doubling of the volume of refuse every eighteen years. In most Swedish apartment houses served by manual collection systems, refuse collection rooms are already becoming too small and the collectors must call more frequently to keep the problem within manageable proportions.

Consequently, vacuum collection systems are especially appealing because of their great reserve capacity. They currently operate three times a day, running for only one hour altogether. Wind velocities in the pipes are so high that collections from 1,000 apartments are completed in twenty minutes. A single man with the help of an automatic electronic panel can collect waste from 1,100 to 2,200 apartments.

The savings in labor costs are not due alone to wage savings. Rates of absenteeism among garbage collectors are high. These men are out sick for 20 per cent of any given work week. Generally, the reasons given are back ailments due to lifting heavy objects and cuts and wounds inflicted by glass or sharp metal surfaces.

The Swedish experience with vacuum collection of solid waste has encouraged some Swedes to look forward to the day when refuse collection systems are installed in their downtown shopping centers. All that anyone then would have to do to get rid of garbage, office papers, or other trash would be to open a receptacle standing on the sidewalk and drop in the refuse, which would be whisked miles away to a collection center.

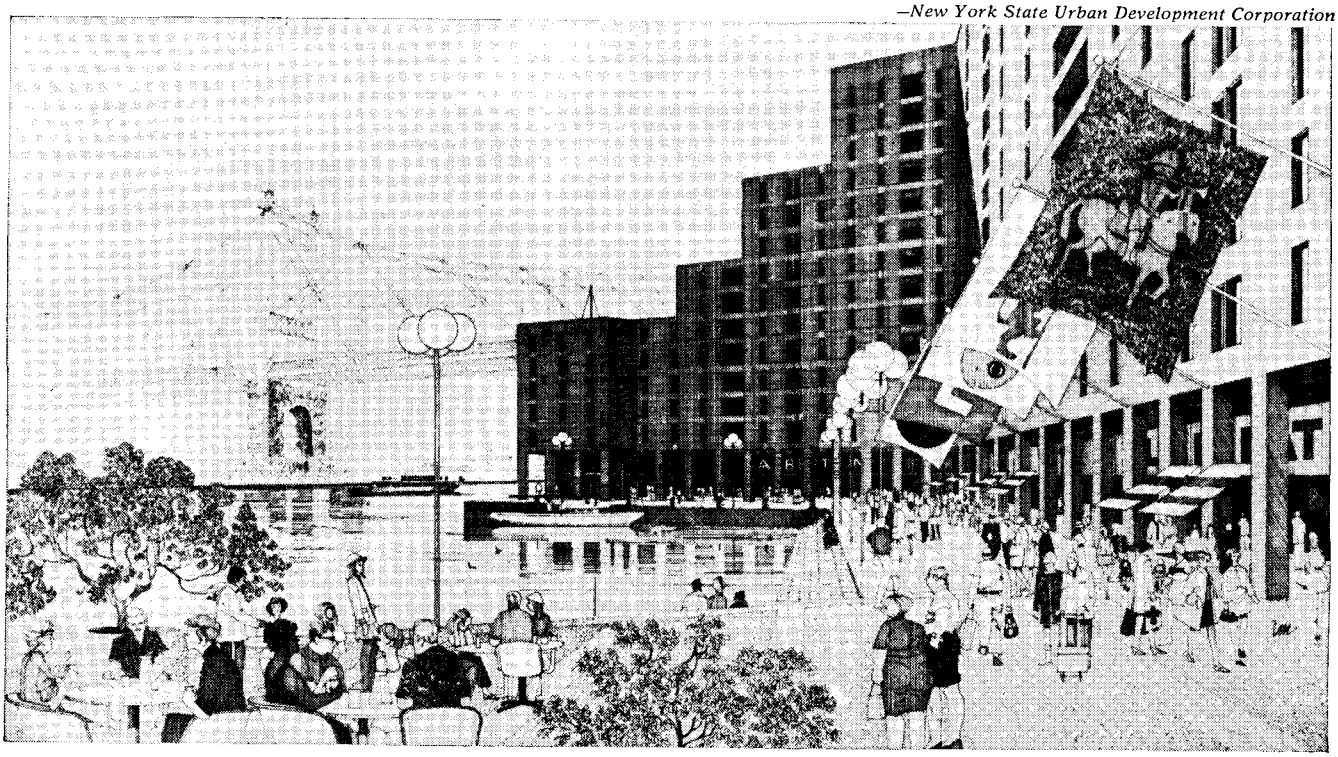
What Centralsug engineers expect to be the prototype for such a system



—*Wide World*

Walt Disney World (above), proposed Welfare Island community (below): American sites for vacuum disposal of garbage.

—*New York State Urban Development Corporation*



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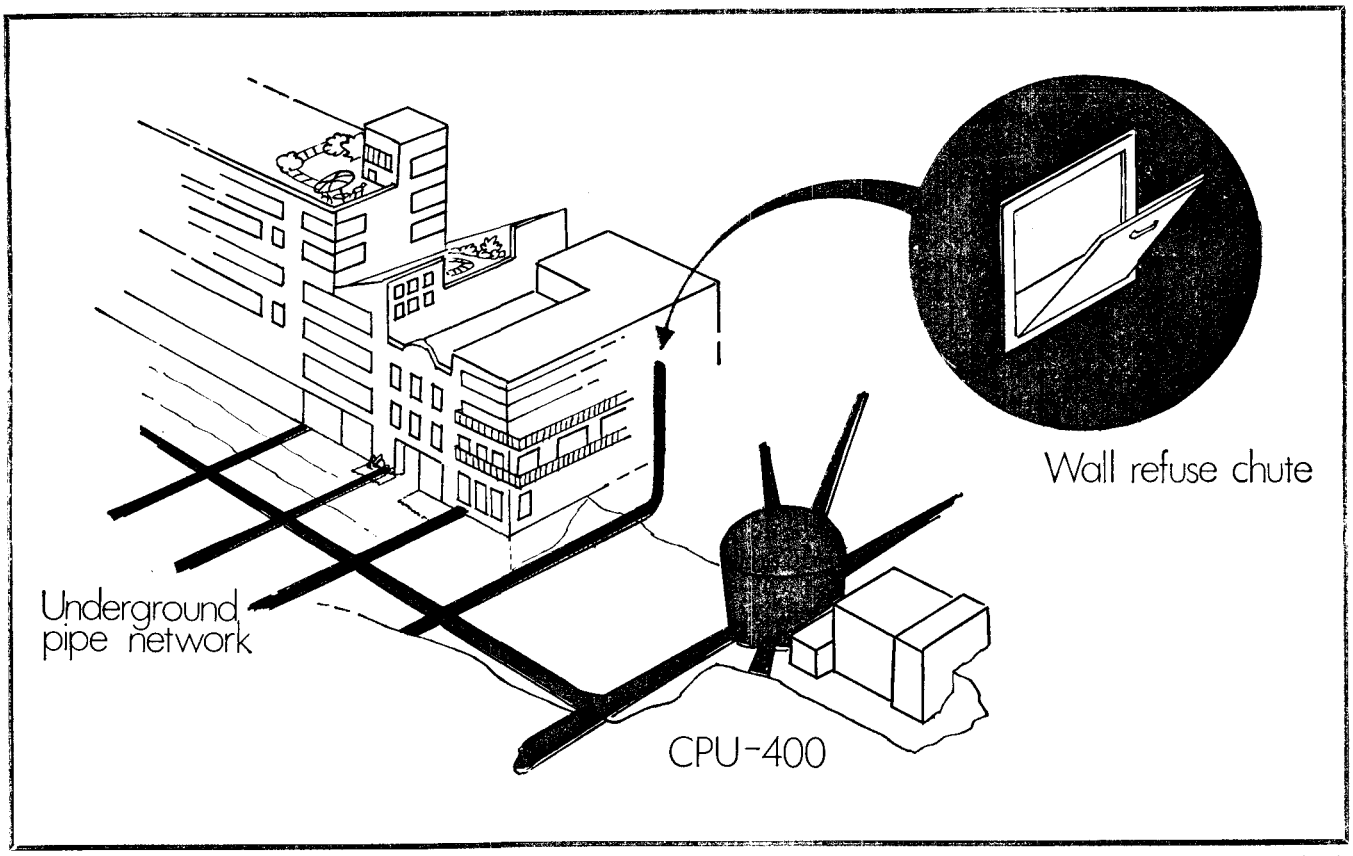

—Doug Anderson, after Combustion Power Company sketch.

Sketch above shows how new Swedish vacuum system of garbage and trash disposal (apartment hallway wall receptacle in colored circle, vacuum pipes in colored shading) can be hooked up to an experimental American garbage and trash burner (CPU-400) designed to convert heat into electric power and so reduce energy requirements of the system.

is now being installed at Walt Disney World outside Orlando, Florida, through a licensing arrangement with Environgenics Company, a division of General Tire & Rubber's subsidiary, Aerojet-General Corporation. Fifteen trash collection stations scattered over the Disney grounds will feed into an automatically controlled underground network of more than a mile of twenty-inch pipe running from the Contemporary Resort Hotel into and around the "magic kingdom" park and emptying into a well-hidden collection receptacle, where the trash will be baled preparatory to haulage in closed vehicles to an incinerator several miles away. The incinerator, one of the world's most efficient, will wash out all smoke and particulates before venting air from the system. Fifty tons of solid waste a day—popcorn boxes, hot dog wrappers, and the like—will thus be reduced to an insignificant heap of sterile ash.

Other vacuum system installations planned for the United States under the Aerojet-General license include one for a huge housing project on Welfare Island in the East River between the boroughs of Manhattan and Queens in New York City. Another installation is being considered for Mount Sinai Hospital, and a third is set for the Mutual Redevelopment Housing complex, otherwise known as Penn Station South, or the Chelsea Development, between Eighth and Ninth avenues and 23rd and 27th streets in Manhattan. In announcing the award of a half-million-dollar grant in federal funds to help pay for the Penn Station South work, Richard D. Vaughan, director of solid-waste management administration in what is now the Environmental Protection Agency, said, "The introduction of a pneumatic transport system in this country could revolutionize refuse collection for high-rise multi-building complexes."

There is a special engineering challenge in this last-mentioned project, for the houses have been standing for fifteen years. Installation of the underground piping will be much more complicated than it would be in buildings presently under construction. Officials of the United Housing Foundation, which owns and rents the houses, have decided against incineration on location, on the premise that no matter how sophisticated chimney-scrubbing devices may have become, some smoke poisons could be discharged into the city's already heavily polluted air. So the collected refuse will be compacted and carted off to a distant incinerator.

Still another American application of the vacuum collection principle is under contract between Aerojet-General and the Martin Luther King, Jr. Memorial Hospital in the Watts section of Los Angeles.

Per Hallström, managing director of Centralsug in Stockholm, told me that if only presently standing orders are counted, 330 vacuum systems for disposal of solid waste will be operating in various parts of the world by mid-1973. Outside London, England, for example, more than 200 acres of idle railroad yards are being occupied by a Westminster housing project containing 1,600 apartments with vacuum disposal facilities; the construction job is due to be completed next November. In Grenoble, France, a block of 4,000 apartments will be similarly equipped by 1972. Caracas, Venezuela, has scheduled a vacuum serviced settlement of 7,500 apartments. Two vacuum contracts are under way in Denmark. Important Japanese firms are bidding for licensing rights in their country. A Centralsug subsidiary in West Germany has contracted to install vacuum disposal equipment at four places, one being the 1972 Olympic Village at Munich, which includes 5,500 units of athletes' quarters. After the Olympics, this part of the village will become a residential suburb of Munich.

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Earth Watch

Worldwide Environment Notes

Spotlight on Transportation

WASHINGTON.

WHAT BRINGS the aged and the young, the physically handicapped and the healthy, the businessman and the environmentalist, the white suburbanite and the black ghetto dweller together? One need they have in common is improved public transportation.

That message emerged clearly from a two-day meeting of leaders of seventy-one civic organizations held here in June under the sponsorship of the Conservation Foundation and the National Urban Coalition.

Two hundred twenty-five persons joined in opening a campaign to muster public demand for systems of public transportation that are clean, safe, quiet, convenient, low-cost, and that serve all segments of the population equally well.

Next step will be the formation of a permanent national citizens committee on public transportation—representing the broadest possible constituency—whose initial task will be to organize a far larger national conference on the topic next year.

New Work for COs

SACRAMENTO.

CALIFORNIA men of draft age with the military status of conscientious objector have a new alternative to accepting induction into the armed forces. To other options earlier allowed by the Selective Service System as "appropriate civilian work in the national interest," they now can volunteer for twenty-four months of environmental work in the state's new Ecology Corps.

Created by executive order of Governor Ronald Reagan and activated this month, the corps has as its principal objectives environmental protection and assistance in flood and fire prevention.

Under the direction of the state Department of Conservation, which originated the idea, Ecology Corps volunteers will work on such projects as improving recreational sites, wildlife habitats, and watersheds; cleaning up streams; and reseeding burned-over state forests.

Initially the Ecology Corps will use three existing facilities that can each accommodate eighty men. Volunteers will receive room, board, clothing, and $15 a month.

The Rainmaker Cometh

CORAL GABLES, FLA.

THE WORST DROUGHT since weather record-keeping began in 1895 has hit central and southern Florida. Only about one-half the normal yearly rainfall has been recorded at Miami International Airport's weather station in the past twelve months. Lake Okeechobee, the area's major source of fresh water, is three feet below its normal level.

In the emergency, state authorities asked the federal government to cooperate in a cloud-seeding experiment aimed at increasing rainfall in the stricken area.

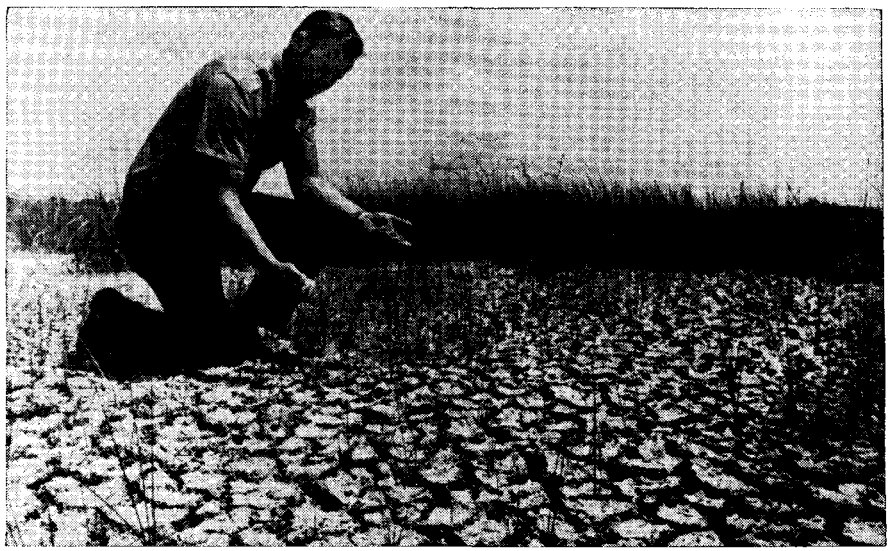
Two instrumented aircraft from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, an agency of the U.S. Department of Commerce, flew cloud-seeding missions over the 4,800-square-mile target area during April and May. The project was supervised by NOAA's Experimental Meteorological Laboratory at the University of Miami here, which has been doing cloud-seeding research since the early 1960s.

It has been known for some time that when the tops of certain individual supercooled cumulus clouds are sprinkled with small amounts of silver iodide crystals rain falls. The NOAA laboratory has learned further that massive—or dynamic—seeding of those individual clouds can cause them to expand and merge. Merged clouds can produce ten to twenty times more precipitation than individual clouds. The recent Florida experiment was therefore directed primarily at stimulating cloud growth and mergers.

NOAA crews flew only when computer predictions indicated seeding would be productive—on a total of sixteen days. Once airborne, the meteorologist on the plane selected the clouds to be seeded. Suitable clouds must have heights between 20,000 and 26,000 feet and must contain water cooled below its normal freezing point but still retaining its liquid state. Silver iodide crystals were showered on them from burning flares dropped by the planes on fourteen missions during the two-month project.

The results of the cloud-seeding are still being analyzed. But a subjective estimate by Dr. William Woodley, project director, is that about one-third of the flights were very effective in producing rainfall (Miami, for example, got five inches in one day from a seeded cloud), one-third were in part effective, and one-third had little or no effect.

The mission required NOAA to depart from procedures fixed for a previously scheduled rain-making research program in the same target area. The original experiment will now be resumed on the old plan, which called for random seeding. That is, only some clouds selected by the meteorologist will actually be seeded, and he will not know which ones they are. That method will help determine the limits within which rain-making can be practiced successfully.



—Wide World

Normally underwater, parts of Everglades National Park are now dried up by drought. Cloud-seeders are trying to induce rainfall in the area.

Pollution Teleconference

NEW YORK.

It was a standing-room-only event. Its sponsors estimate that 7,000 persons

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crowded into hotel meeting halls in twenty-seven major cities across the country recently to witness a closed-circuit teleconference on air and water pollution control.

Sponsored by the National Association of Manufacturers, the parley brought such government officials as Russell E. Train, chairman of the President's Council on Environmental Quality, and William D. Ruckelshaus, administrator of the federal Environmental Protection Agency, face to face with industry representatives to discuss the federal regulations that affect industrial operations.

The nationwide audience covered the entire spectrum of American business —from small individually owned companies to giant corporations. About 95 per cent of those attending were plant managers and engineers directly involved in environmental matters.

Chief topics during the question-and-answer exchange were the provisions of the Clean Air Amendment of 1970 (which sets emission standards for stationary and mobile sources of air pollution and fixes a timetable for compliance) and the permit program implementing the Refuse Act of 1899 (which was authorized by Presidential executive order last December as the first step in a coordinated scheme of water quality enforcement).

Under the provisions of the Refuse Act, companies discharging industrial wastes into navigable waters must apply for a permit from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Drawn up in cooperation with the Environmental Protection Agency, the application requires full disclosure of the character of the discharge and of the means of monitoring it. Applicants must also provide certification that they conform to the water quality standards of the states where they are located.

At least 40,000 firms are expected to apply for permits. EPA plans to review all the applications and will withhold permits where minimum pollution control standards are not being met.

Failure to meet the standards of either the Clean Air Act or the Refuse Act can involve costly fines and possible imprisonment.

The principal concerns expressed at the teleconference by industry spokesmen were whether proprietary information included on the Refuse Act applications would be kept confidential (the answer was yes), and whether American companies would jeopardize their competitive position in international trade because of the expense incurred in meeting stiff U.S. pollution standards (the answer was no; public pressure is forcing other industrialized countries also to institute pollution controls).

Good Show

LONDON.

PEA-SOUP FOGS have disappeared from this city. For years nothing was done to suppress them, although they were presumed responsible for countless deaths attributed to pulmonary causes. But after 4,000 people died in one four-day period in 1952, Parliament passed the Clean Air Act of 1956, which prohibited the emission of any smoke from any chimney.

For centuries Londoners had been heating their homes with soft coal burned in individual fireplaces, spewing vast amounts of smoke and soot into the air. Since the act came into force, some five million private dwellings and commercial and industrial premises have switched to smokeless solid fuels or gas and electric heaters. The results have been dramatic.

The city's last dense fog was recorded seven years ago.

Smoke concentrations have been reduced by about 80 per cent.

Sulfur dioxide concentrations have decreased by 40 per cent.

Winter visibility has increased threefold.

December sunshine in the central city has increased by 70 per cent.

The number of bird species present has more than doubled over the past ten years—totaling 138 at last count.

All this was accomplished at an estimated cost to the community of roughly 36 cents per person per year.

Help for Displaced Fishermen

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

CONCERN over the danger of eating mercury-tainted food has wiped out the Nova Scotia swordfish industry. The annual catch had been valued at approximately $4-million; 90 per cent of it was sold in the United States. This year no swordfish boats went out, exports have stopped, swordfish is no longer sold in Canada, and about 400 fishermen have been idled.

In this instance of environmental displacement, the Canadian government feels a responsibility to help those inadvertently sacrificed to the general good. A task force representing the fishermen and the federal and provincial governments has studied the situation and recommended an action program to the Department of Fisheries and Forestry.

Chief among the measures suggested are financial assistance for boat owners who want to convert their swordfishing vessels to other types of catches, and government assumption of the full cost of purchasing and disposing of existing stocks of swordfish.

It was also recommended that displaced fishermen who wish to enter other fields of work be retrained at government expense.

Supertrain

MUNICH.

THE PROTOTYPE of an electromagnetic train designed to achieve a speed of 350 miles per hour has been given its first trial run over a short test track in this city's suburbs.

Clean, fast, and silent, the train is electrically propelled and glides without wheels above a magnetic field generated between two steel rails.

West German Transport Minister Georg Leber claims that this train, developed by the Messerschmitt company, is superior to those designed to ride on air cushions because, he says, it requires less power for greater loads.

The Bonn government, which sees high-speed trains as one solution to the country's transportation problems, has pledged continued financial support to the project.

Less Slaughterhouse Mess

PETONE, NEW ZEALAND.

A NEW WAY to recover protein from the effluent generated in the processing of meat and to recycle the remaining liquid as usable water is being demonstrated in a pilot plant here.

At present, the average New Zealand meat-packing house wastes both protein and water. Typically, two million gallons of effluent per plant per day is discharged into rivers and harbors. Heavily laden with protein from the carcasses of slaughtered animals, the waste liquid pollutes the water and triggers the growth of unwanted algae.

Its advocates claim that 96 per cent of the protein previously lost is extracted by the new method, which is named the Grant resin process for its British-born inventor, Dr. Roy E. Grant. This recovered protein can then be converted into animal feed.

The effluent in the Grant system passes first through a flotation tank for chemical treatment. There most of the protein is separated out as sludge. The partly cleansed water moves next to a second tank containing a special resin that absorbs the remaining protein through ion exchange. The protein is separated from the resin by an undisclosed method and prepared for commercial use. The clear water is drained off and recycled through the plant.

—SALLY LINDSAY.

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TECHNOLOGY FOR THE POOR

We cannot abandon technology. But it must be focused on human needs with a minimum of adverse side effects.

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

It has become increasingly fashionable to view with alarm the purported disaffection of the American people with technology. Those who have called attention to the misuses of technology, and to the fact that technology is incapable in principle of solving certain problems of biological and sociological origin, have been carelessly labeled "anti-technology," "nihilists," and "extremists." And one is being continually reminded that technology is only a tool, of itself neither benevolent nor evil—but neutral.

If technology is indeed neutral (and we believe it is), then one should be able to discuss its potential and limitations openly, without eliciting the defensive and *ad hominem* responses to which we have just referred. To our knowledge, no responsible observer has seriously suggested that technology be abandoned or that mankind return to "hunting and gathering." Those who have rushed to technology's defense should stop grappling with this straw man and deal with the real issues: the focusing of technology on genuine human needs, the minimization of its adverse side effects, and the recognition that some problems do not have purely technological solutions.

A particularly unwarranted attack on those who have questioned the present course of technology has been that they are condemning the poor both at home and abroad to continued poverty. It is beyond dispute that technology is an essential ingredient if the bulk of mankind is to be provided a decent existence. But this does not mean that the answer is simply more of the same kinds of technology that have helped to create today's predicament, and it does not mean that a particular technological scheme is wise simply because it is well-intentioned. We need more transportation, but fewer automobiles. We need more housing, but less suburban sprawl. The world may need more aluminum and steel for communications networks, bridges, and railroads, but the United States certainly does not need more beer cans.

It appears to us that certain spokesmen for technology are attempting to use the legitimate needs of the poor as blanket justification for technological circuses that have no real relevance to those needs. These spokesmen seem to be suggesting that the only route to prosperity for all is the escalation of today's wasteful technologies to even higher plateaus of profligacy. In other words, we will not be able to give the poor many crumbs until our own loaf, already more than ample, gets even bigger. Implicit in this philosophy is the assumption—perhaps even the desire—that the present inequitable *distribution* of the fruits of technology will endure.

We do not believe this is the only possible scenario, and it is certainly not the most desirable one—both because of the agonizing slowness with which the poor's level of living rises under existing inequities and because of the enormous ecological impact of letting the already affluent get much more so. One of us has therefore set forth in two recent books (*Population/Resources/Environment*, P. R. Ehrlich and A. H. Ehrlich, W. H. Freeman, 1970, and *How to Be a Survivor*, P. R. Ehrlich and R. L. Harriman, Ballantine, 1971) the rudiments of an alternative. It is based on the proposition that what Western society has been calling "development" (epitomized by the United States and held out as a model for the rest of the world to follow) is really "overdevelopment." In other words, we have probably exceeded the levels of consumption of resources and energy that the resource base and the environment can long endure, and to which the less privileged peoples of the world can realistically aspire. The solution would seem to be "de-development" for the United States—and, to a lesser extent, for Europe, the U.S.S.R., and Japan—at the same time that "semi-development" is pursued in what today are called underdeveloped countries. In this process, the diversion of resources and energy from frivolous uses in the overdeveloped countries to

"Who am I and where am I going?"

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necessity-oriented uses in the underdeveloped countries would hasten an adequate standard of living in the underdeveloped countries and an ecologically rational standard in the developed countries.

At least one critic (Dr. Alvin Weinberg, writing in *BioScience*, April 1 issue) has announced that the foregoing is a proposal to "destroy technology." To any but the most defensive technologist, it should be obvious that this is not the case. De-development and semi-development would involve the abandonment of some technologies, the modification of others, and the invention of some new ones. Few would deny, we suspect, that the sooner we abandon the technologies of war and planned obsolescence, the better. Similarly, the existing technologies of power generation and Temperate Zone agriculture must be modified to reduce their environmental impact, and we need altogether new technologies for recycling, for ecologically sound farming of tropical rain forest areas, for the direct harnessing of solar energy, and for birth control. The list could be greatly expanded, but the message is clear: On balance, these enterprises will require more science and technology, not less. At the same time, they will surely fail if we are unsuccessful in grappling with the fundamentally nontechnological issues that accompany them: the elimination of discrimination, inequity, and exploitation, and the recognition that both population and consumption must be stabilized.

WIT TWISTER #224

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Our teacher beams while _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ dusty lines

Or _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ conjugations through his nose;

But _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ of the classics, he assigns

Thin _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ from the luscious fruits of prose.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 50*)

Letters to the Environment Editor

The Highway Trust

"Can We Bust the Highway Trust?" [*SR*, June 5] was a great idea. But why did you commission such an inept writer to develop such an important subject? After the first page his loose way with facts made the entire article suspect. Only the already convinced, I fear, will be swayed.

"All" who drive the Los Angeles freeways "inch their exasperated way up waiting lines at freeway entrances, stand almost motionless bumper to bumper for as long as two hours . . . ," Denis Hayes says. Actually, some who drive the freeways at 10 a.m. or 2 p.m. or other hours away from the morning and afternoon rush hours seldom if ever experience such problems.

Mr. Hayes also suggests that residents of Watts and East Los Angeles don't have cars. Drive along the streets in those communities and try to find parking space along residential curbs!

J. E. WIMER,
San Clemente, Calif.

IT WAS AMUSING to read the qualifications of young Denis Hayes as an expert on highways. His sole call to fame in the matter seems to be in hitchhiking around the globe.

I quite agree with idealistic Mr. Hayes that there is a highway lobby, except that he left out the majority of its membership . . . mainly the 100-million automobile drivers in America. It is they who want the highways; it is they who are willing to pay special taxes to obtain the highways; it is they who have voted in a majority of states to establish a Highway Fund to be used for highway purposes; it is they who prefer to commute to work by car rather than by public transportation.

Everyone benefits from good roads. They even aided Hayes in his hitchhiking escapades as well as provided the means for Earth Day participants to get to Washington. And who pays for the highways? Only the motorists.

The National Automobile Association also wants a balanced transportation system in America. But we do not believe that the motorist alone should pay for it through raids on the Highway Fund. If all benefit, all should pay.

PHILIP C. WALLWORK,
Director, Public Relations,
National Automobile Association, Inc.,
Atlanta, Ga.

IT MIGHT be interesting to see what some clear-headed experts might come up with if they were given the assignment: "Let's stop damning highways and see what we can do—positively—to find a real answer to improving our other transportation needs."

ROBERT H. ROYER,
Pennsylvania Highway
Information Association,
Harrisburg, Pa.

I READ Denis Hayes's excellent article with great interest. Mr. Hayes did not mention one local group formed in opposition to intercity highways: the City-Wide Organization Against the Lower Manhattan Expressway. As one of the leaders of this group's long and successful struggle to kill an ill-conceived highway project, I first developed my interest in the issue.

As a Congressman, I have introduced legislation which I believe represents a realistic response to Mr. Hayes's question, "Where is the money for the mass transit facilities to come from . . .?" My bill, HR 4571, would do the following:

Mandate the Secretary of Transportation to formulate a comprehensive plan to implement a national transportation policy which is to be submitted to Congress within a one-year period.

Establish a single transportation trust fund to include the present highway and airport and mass transit programs.

Immediately direct the 7 per cent auto excise tax into the mass transit program.

Empower the Secretary of Transportation to transfer 10 per cent of all funds from one program to another until the Congress approves the implementation plan which the Secretary of Transportation is to submit within one year. After Congressional and Presidential approval of the plan, all transportation programs would be unified.

EDWARD I. KOCH,
U.S. House of Representatives,
Washington, D.C.

THIS IS JUST a little note from a farm wife who has been reading your wonderful publication for the past ten years. Thank you for publishing the dynamic article "Can We Bust the Highway Trust?"

We farm-lovers are very much concerned about protection from urban contamination. During my short lifetime (less than thirty years) I have seen Madison, Wisconsin, gobble up all that I had known and loved. Soon there will be no farm land left to escape to.

MRS. JANICE REDFORD,
Cambridge, Wis.

Engineers and Architects

IN CONNECTION with John Lear's article "Environment Repair: The U.S. Army Engineers' New Assignment" [*SR*, May 1], our attention has been called to the caption under the picture of the Lincoln Memorial that appears on page 51. The caption refers to the structure as the "handiwork of the U.S. Corps of Engineers." One wonders on what basis this attribution was made, since Henry Bacon was the architect for the memorial.

We might note also that the Capitol dome is usually credited to Thomas U. Walter, architect.

WILLIAM L. SLAYTON,
Executive Vice President,
The American Institute of Architects,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The word "handiwork" was intended to be read in context. Early in*

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SR's report on the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, the Corps was described as a "planning and construction agency." In that capacity, the Corps provides work for many architects and has no wish to derogate from them.

Keeping a Wary Eye

THE U.S. ARMY CORPS of Environmentalists? Well, maybe, but last year angry local beach residents, from bearded youths to old-timers, banded together to stop the planned extension of a breakwater that many ecologists felt was not only unnecessary but also destructive of prime beaches and fishing locations. The Corps was so determined to go ahead that the protesters had to place themselves bodily in front of the bulldozers before a halt was called and a hearing obtained. Subsequently, the project was quietly dropped—we hope permanently.

This year, the Corps has proposed the construction of a massive concrete flood control channel in the San Diego riverbed. We have so little rainfall that figures from an area farther north had to be "adjusted" for our location to project a two-hundred-year flood possibility. We also have numerous half-empty dams to capture any water that might come along. The building of this ugly monstrosity seemed so ridiculous that citizens again rose up in arms. Several hundred attended a public meeting with Corps representatives to protest the project, which is now being given "further consideration."

Local residents will continue to keep a wary eye on the Corps until that body has become considerably better acquainted with its new image!

MRS. JAMES A. BECK,
San Diego, Calif.

JOHN LEAR'S article on the U.S. Army Engineers is a fair accounting. It gives the devil his due. The Corps of Engineers gets the job done.

Take the case of the Fort Supply dam near the town of Supply in northwestern Oklahoma. My late husband, William M. Rau, was the civilian geologist assigned the task of exploring the suitability of the foundation. Were the rocks strong enough to support the weight of the dam? Were they watertight? His official report (as an assistant geologist, I had a hand in writing it) directed attention to "certain weaknesses of the Red Beds, the presence of which may be considerable source of trouble. They are recognized as geologically weak, behaving like moderately to well-compacted soils rather than rocks . . . the weakness of the natural cement manifests itself in low compression and moderately low shearing strengths, and easy slaking. . . . Consolidation tests have given consistent results and show rather low values." The report described salt and gypsum beds that had partially dissolved under the surface rocks, resulting in cave-ins of the overlying formations.

My husband told the Corps "brass" that if they had looked all over the United States they could not have found a more unsuitable site for a dam. The ranking colonel replied, "We have promised the townspeople that we are going to build a dam here and we will build a dam here." And build a dam they did. But before construction of the dam itself was begun, from $1-million to $2-million of the taxpayers' money was spent in correcting the weaknesses of the natural foundation rocks.

Let us hope that the Corps, with its expertise in getting the job done, will heed the advice of its civilian experts before plunging headlong into construction of sewage disposal systems.

MRS. JEAN M. RAU,
Stratham, N.H.

Geothermal Power

WHILE THE POTENTIAL of geothermal power to meet some of our future energy demands is indeed great ["Clean Power from Inside the Earth," *SR*, Dec. 5, 1970], this technological breakthrough should not be blindly hailed as either "clean power" or "energy that [does] not pollute the air or the water."

As a resident of a neighboring county, I know that Pacific Gas and Electric operations at the "geysers" have had some detrimental impact on the environment through boron pollution of several streams and land pollution by road-scars and watershed destruction.

There is also a possibility that by taking steam out of mercury-rich soil (which characterizes Sonoma and Napa counties) mercury contamination can occur in air, water, vegetation, and topsoil.

JOHN TUTEUR, JR.,
Napa, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Professor Robert Rex, director of the Geothermal Resources Project at the University of California's Riverside campus, says chemical content is not identical in all geothermal systems. Recent analyses of the condensate of geothermal steam from the Mexican fields at Cerro Prieto indicate a very low content of boron (less than 0.2 part per million). In any event, Rex says geothermal development can be carried out in such a manner that the geothermal steam and brine will not be open to the atmosphere. The geothermal fluid can be conducted through pipes, and waste disposal can be handled through exhaust tubing.*

Questions of possible pollution hazards should be subjected to scientific scrutiny and answered prior to large-scale geothermal development, Rex agrees. The Geothermal Resources Project at the University of California is designed to carry out this type of analysis.

Whose Babies?

WHILE READING the article "Who Makes the Babies?" by Paul R. Ehrlich and John P. Holdren [*SR*, Feb. 6], I particularly noticed the statement, "In reality, fewer than one-third of the babies born in the U.S. each year belong to the poor, and fewer than 20 per cent to the non-white." This statement, I think, is misleading. What is not stated is that non-whites account for only 10 per cent of the population.

STEVE MATHIAS,
Lakewood, Calif.

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Steve.

Do me a favor & don't let me sleep past 7:00.

Thanks
Clyde

to disclose criminal records of [illegible] using fictitious names when purchasing a gun.

Limited as it is, the new federal law also was responsible for the indictment of Angela Davis—until recently, one of the nation's ten "most wanted" fugitives—on charges of murder and kidnaping in connection with the celebrated San Rafael, California, courthouse shoot-out last August that took the lives of four persons, including a judge. Through records required by the Gun Control Act, four of the guns used in the shoot-out were traced to purchases made by Miss Davis.

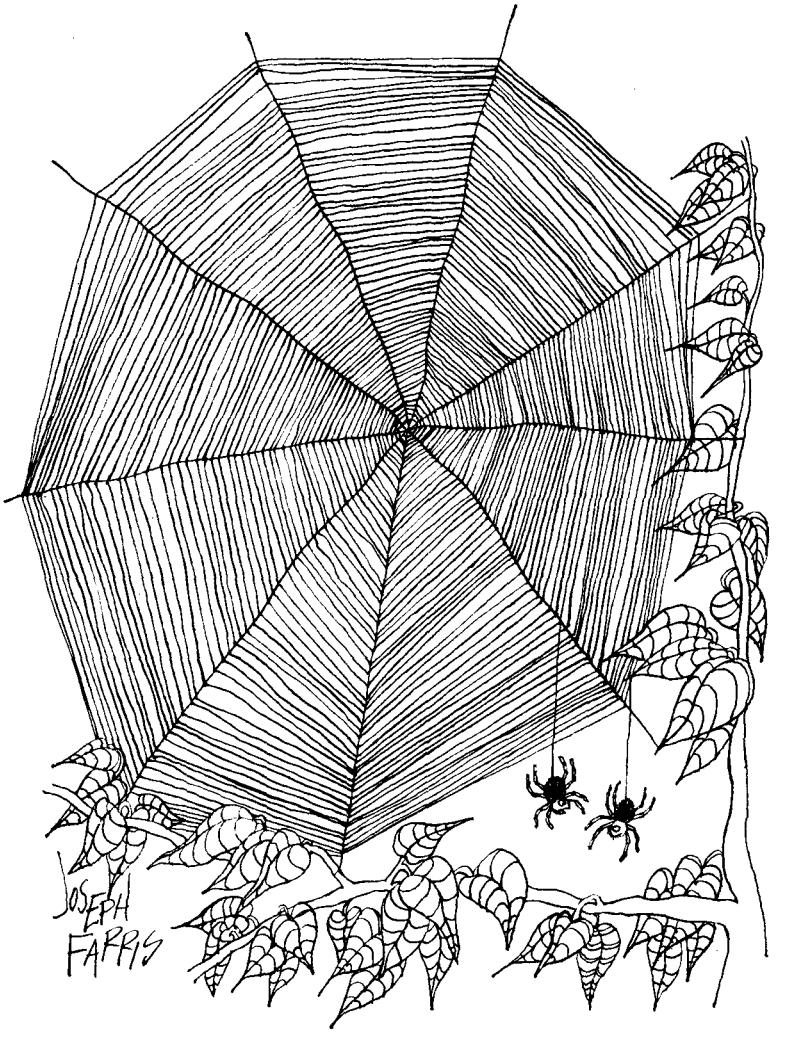
With the number of federal prosecutions for violations of the law having tripled since 1968, even the Justice Department has conceded the usefulness of the new federal statute in bringing various offenders to book. Clearly, the inescapable conclusion again is that gun legislation that makes it easier to charge violations of the law must play a role in the prevention and detection of crime.

Who could possibly object to such legislation? Strangely enough, among those who do is none other than the administration itself, in spite of its vaunted concern over law and order and crime in the streets. The administration has hardly bothered to conceal its distaste for the 1968 statute—not because it is too weak, but rather because of the fanciful notion that it is too strong. Consequently, the administration has proposed no legislation whatever to plug the many loopholes in the law, not even the obviously needed measure to prohibit the escalating manufacture and sale of the

tically produced hand-
ort that, if foreign-made,
et the statute's present
importation.
g gun registration and
the fiction that gun con-
e left a matter primarily
l state regulation, Presi-
and Attorney General
apparently still of the
ir administration's politi-
lies where the guns are:
of Southerners own guns
nts for 72 per cent of their
nicides), whereas only 34
asterners are gun owners.
pril, at the centennial con-
he National Rifle Associa-
the featured speaker was
ry Goldwater, it was not
to hear NRA President
ott tell the assemblage that
d been assured by "impor-
ers of the administration"
would be no increased effort
e traffic in guns. This as-
esumably stemmed from a
ized mid-January White
ting at which three top NRA officials met with administration staff members and various representatives of the gun lobby in a room across from President Nixon's office.

The gun lobby's ability to reach into the halls of the high and mighty is also indicated by the fact that a gun club, affiliated with the NRA, now operates right out of Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's office, which, among other things, also serves as a focal point in the nation's capital for lobbying against gun controls.

Indeed, the administration has played a not inconsequential role in the relentless efforts of the gun lobby to emasculate the 1968 act through the stratagem of having its provisions repealed bit by bit. So successful have these efforts been that in November 1969—less than a year after the act went into effect—Congress, in a move supported by the administration and without a minute of hearings, repealed the act's requirement that a person buying shotgun shells and high-power rifle ammunition go through the minor inconvenience of furnishing the dealer with his name, address, age, and verifying identification. In protesting the repeal, Representative Emanuel Celler of Brooklyn, who had guided the act through the House, noted that, in the



"This is a helluva time to tell me you don't like this location."

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previous year, shotgun and rifle ammunition had been responsible for the murder of 1,600 Americans. Also pointed out was the fact that ammunition controls had been included in the act only after thirty-five days of public hearings at which 154 witnesses had appeared, and that the full Senate had approved the controls after six weeks of debate.

The campaign this year is to exempt .22 caliber rim-fire ammunition, too, with no fewer than seventeen bills already introduced in the 92nd Congress to this effect. This is in spite of the fact that millions of revolvers and pistols, including many of the Saturday night specials, as well as most rifles, use this kind of ammunition, which accounts for about 70 per cent of the ammunition produced and sold in America, yet is rarely used for hunting. On the other hand, it is the most criminally abused ammunition, the kind most often used in armed robberies, as well as in no less than 3,300 murders in 1968, one of the victims having been Senator Robert F. Kennedy. At least half a dozen bills have also been introduced in the 92nd Congress to repeal the 1968 act entirely.

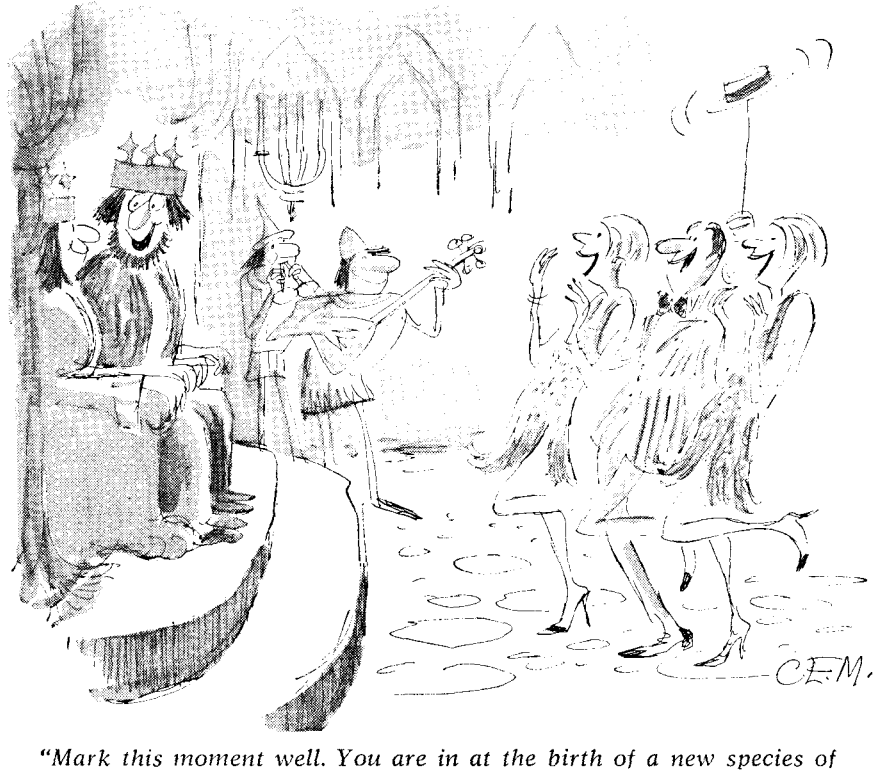
In contrast to these efforts to nibble the 1968 act to death, none of the many bills introduced during the past few years to strengthen the federal law has met with any success, although repeated polls have shown that an overwhelming majority of the public favors a law far more stringent. Two-thirds to 81 per cent of the American people, according to the Harris and the Gallup polls, approve of the registration of all firearms and the licensing of all gun owners. The majority polled by Gallup is also in favor of a law requiring a person to obtain a police permit before he or she may buy a gun.

Provisions of this sort have been incorporated into a bill by Senator Edward M. Kennedy that would require the registration of all firearms and the licensing of all gun owners. In addition, the bill would ban the domestic production, sale, and possession of all handguns not designed for sporting use—that is, the kind commonly used in holdups and other crimes. Going even further, a bill introduced by Representative Abner J. Mikva of Illinois would ban handguns of any kind for virtually all but law enforcement officers and the military.

Essentially, the same proposals have been included in the various recommendations of a procession of four prestigious Presidential commissions in the past four years. Serving on or heading up these commissions has been a bipartisan array of some of the nation's most distinguished and knowledgeable citizens, including two Attorneys General under Presidents Eisenhower and Johnson, and Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, brother of the late President and president emeritus of Johns Hopkins University. However, the findings of the commissions have been generally ignored. Last November Dr. Eisenhower, who headed the National Commission on Violence, declared that the United States held "the distinction of being the clear leader in violent crime among modern stable nations," as well as of having the highest gun-to-population ratio in the world, and stated, "I continue to be perplexed by the blind, emotional resistance that greets any proposal to bring this senseless excess under control." And as recently as May 26, 1971, he warned a Senate subcommittee that "there are arsenals being built up by the extreme Right and the extreme Left," and sadly concluded, "but from the Executive Branch, which brought us [the commission] into being, there has been almost total silence."

The hypocritical attitude of the administration was exemplified by the White House conference of law enforcement officers held on June 3 to discuss means of coping with the recent rash of killings of policemen. Conspicuously missing from the invitation list, which included police chiefs and sheriffs from such places as Brighton, Colorado, Toms River, New Jersey, and Oneida, New York, was the head of the nation's largest police force, New York City Police Commissioner Patrick V. Murphy, although of the fifty-one policemen killed so far this year, most of them with handguns, seven were on the New York force. As a frequent and outspoken advocate of strong federal gun control legislation, Murphy by his vigorous presence would have been embarrassing to President Nixon and Attorney General Mitchell, who at the meeting reiterated their opposition to further gun controls and, as their only solution to the problem of police killings, called for legislation to provide $50,000 to the family of any policeman unfortunate enough as to be slain in the future.

Certainly, there can be no question that the overwhelming public majorities that say they favor strict firearms controls, of the sort long in practice in twenty-nine European countries, also seem unwilling to compel the national commitment necessary to implement such controls via political pressure and ultimately the ballot. As David Steinberg, executive director of the National Council for a Responsible Firearms Policy, has put it, "They seem to be waiting for a White House initiative that will not come soon—or another shock to the national conscience."



"Mark this moment well. You are in at the birth of a new species of the performing arts that will henceforth be known as musical comedy."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Tiresias, g; 2. Franny Glass, f; 3. Candide, i; 4. Silas Lapham, b; 5. Pierre Bezuhov, h; 6. Babbitt, c; 7. Hrothgar, d (*Beowulf*); 8. Hester Prynne, a; 9 Zarathustra, e.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 47: parsing, rasping, sparing, parings.

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The End of Religion

Continued from page 23

tells us, under any compulsion to become a bibliolater, this seems a mild understatement for a priest who, in the chapter "A Miscellany of Thoughts," can write:

> The Bible. The world's most overrated book. It is regarded conventionally by many as the *fons et origo* [source and origin] of true religion, yet it carries no simple and self-evident message directly and powerfully relevant to our everyday lives. It is made up, for the most part, of historical or supposedly historical documents, extravagant denunciations, and exclusivist devotions, requiring long and deep research before they can be properly understood. Parts of the Old Testament, the Gospels, and the Pauline Epistles abound in memorable, heart-touching sayings; but most of them call for careful elucidation before they can be correctly grasped and appropriately applied.

This attitude seems several light years removed from the behavior of certain modern evangelists often photographed holding aloft the Bible while proclaiming every word to be true. Dom Aelred finds deplorable the selection "almost at random" from "the good book" of such horrifying passages as Numbers 15: 32-36, in which God advises Moses to have his people stone to death a man who was caught picking up sticks on the Sabbath. This and many other examples of "divinely sanctioned violence and warfare, the zestful accounts of bloodshed and slaughter, the complacent ritual of animal sacrifice" have proved, and are proving, he suggests, serious stumbling blocks to many millions of non-Christians for whom a central religious belief is that "all sentient beings" must be respected. Implicit in everything he writes is the thought that this religion should re-examine its claim to being one of gentleness, peace, and love.

It is not my wish to overemphasize Dom Aelred's bluntness but it is uncommon to have a well-known Catholic state that the early Church took over the entire canon of Jewish scriptures, which had been set up by the Rabbinical Council at Jamnia near Jerusalem about A.D 90, simply because what we know as the Old Testament offered support to "certain crucial Catholic doctrines" just emerging. He tells us it is hard for him to "resist the force of an observation" offered by Joseph Campbell in *The Masks of God* on "the family-cult theology of the Old Testament which when seriously considered as an appropriate base for a proper world religion is constitutionally ineligible, since it is finally but the overinterpreted parochial history and manufactured genealogy of a single sub-race of a southwest Asian strain, late to appear and, though a great and noble influence, by no means what its own version of the history of the human race sets it up to be."

Dom Aelred's purpose in the chapter mentioned above, "A Miscellany of Thoughts," is "to open, not to settle, questions." This might well be taken as the intent *in toto* of *The End of Religion*, a title that should not be interpreted as a gloomy prophecy but as an evaluation of man's spiritual quest, no matter what its geographic or historic sources. I can hardly recommend the book highly enough, to young and old, to comfortably orthodox or currently uneasy Catholics and Protestants, to Jews of all degrees of faith and non-faith, and certainly to the many modern followers of ancient Asian Ways of Wisdom, including Buddhism, Hinduism, Vedanta, and Zen. These personal explorations by a warm and candid Benedictine priest with a deeply rooted faith in life's meaning and purpose could well stimulate to sustained thought everyone concerned with the present world-wide crisis in cultures and the regeneration of a confused and suffering humanity.

Nancy Wilson Ross's latest books are "The World of Zen" and "Three Ways of Asian Wisdom: Hinduism, Buddhism, Zen."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1457

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1457 will be found in the next issue.

YBKOUHQ DU LOEBYDZR HB HWO RAOFH. MWFH DU KDJJ-DESCH DU HB LO YBKOUH MWOZ BZO DU ZBLBKQ.

—AOZFAK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1456

Milton cannot have been at all the sort of person one would want to know.

—A. THIRKELL.

Frank Capra

Continued from page 27

> with the necessary handfuls of courage, wit, and love to triumph over his environment. That theme prevailed in all—except two—of my future films. It was the rebellious cry of the individual against being trampled to an ort by massiveness—mass production, mass thought, mass education, mass politics, mass wealth, mass conformity.

Far from reaching down into their God-given resources, the heroes are as feckless and winsome and unworldly as Harry Langdon. Mr. Deeds inherits $20-million and Mr. Smith becomes a Senator by the mere exercise of boyish charm and virtue. Capra merely adds flag-waving and folksiness to his sure-fire product. The American people are offered rocking-chair Aunt Tillies and eunuch Uncle Mortimers, all pure "apple pie." The social ills are brought on by a few stock villains, city-slickers, or corrupt politicians. And the reforms instituted by the New Deal against so much opposition are reduced to a few speeches that would disgrace a debating club. There is no doubt that the author takes this hokum seriously; yet he grins roguishly when critics call it "Capra-corn" to distinguish it from the usual Hollywood kind.

In this book Capra abuses English as casually as Samuel Goldwyn and outdoes any slinger of ballyhoo in pep and zing and enthusiastic journalese. His writing betrays all the deficiencies and compensatory pretensions of the self-made man.

Burton Bendow is a free-lance critic and the author of a forthcoming book on the postwar Italian film.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 53)

QUAKER PHYSICAL REHABILITATION CENTER in Quang Ngai, South Vietnam urgently needs medical doctor, July/August 1971, preferably 2 year term. Maintenance, travel and essential home costs provided. Post-interns only, willingness to perform minor surgery. American Friends Service Committee, Recruitment, 160 North 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1943

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Engage in comradely social intercourse	136 139 160 167 179 14 24 39 87 92
B. Having special distinction in a field, esp. poetry	93 96 110 147 155 164 172 184
C. Worked out with great care and nicety of detail	196 30 56 72 119 149 181 1 7
D. Test or criterion for the qualities of a thing	31 35 63 79 116 140 148 157 165 168
E. Inhabitant of a particular region; a rustic	13 29 41 60 95 99 175 6 17 64
F. Educator (1796-1859), first president of Antioch College (full name)	80 141 169 186 22 33 97 123 133 189
G. Realtor (2 wds. *British*)	3 9 38 58 115 121 143 180 15 70 129
H. Macbeth and King Claudius, for instance	170 19 57 86 101 113 134 138 151
I. First capital of Illinois	105 194 11 124 23 25 131 171 67
J. Not based on or incapable of being reduced to empirical factual knowledge	82 146 36 51 69 109 126 176 153 21 190 76
K. Aroused in feeling or sensibilities	85 120 173 195 43 48 103 12 73
L. Storm trooper (2 wds.)	28 47 192 91 111 152 154 54 65 40
M. Divination by means of a mirror	50 142 5 108 62 78 135 158 71 114 34 26
N. Trickery; deception	144 150 127 159 174 183 90 163 102 100 45
O. "'Have you news of my boy Jack?' / Not——." (2 wds.; Kipling, "My Boy Jack")	42 118 125 53 55 59 185 66
P. Enjoy	89 98 193 8 37 156
Q. "In the Name of the——, the Overland Mail!" (Kipling, "The Overland Mail")	107 27 46 20 74 75 177
R. They count two points	61 162 145 94 52 191 106 68
S. One oversolicitous about nicety of conduct or usage	137 88 178 132 187 49
T. Town of W Israel, early center of Christianity	10 166 32 16 44 83
U. Arid wastes, deserts	104 77 4 130 182 81 84
V. Vibrates, shakes, perhaps "like my sister Kate"	112 2 128 18 122 188 117 161

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 C	2 V	3 G		4 U	5 M	6 E	7 C		8 P	9 G		10 T		11 I	12 K
13 E	14 A	15 G	16 T		17 E	18 V	19 H	20 Q	21 J	22 F	23 I	24 A		25 I	26 M	27 Q
28 L	29 E	30 C		31 D	32 T	33 F		34 M	35 D	36 J	37 P	38 G	39 A	40 L	41 E	42 O
43 K	44 T	45 N		46 Q	47 L	48 K	49 S	50 M	51 J	52 R	53 O		54 L	55 O		56 C
57 H	58 G	59 O	60 E	61 R	62 M		63 D	64 E	65 L	66 O	67 I	68 R	69 J	70 G	71 M	72 C
73 K	74 Q		75 Q	76 J	77 U	78 M	79 D	80 F		81 U	82 J	83 T		84 U	85 K	86 H
87 A	88 S	89 P	90 N		91 L	92 A		93 B	94 R	95 E		96 B	97 F	98 P	99 E	100 N
101 H	102 N	103 K	104 U		105 I	106 R	107 Q	108 M		109 J	110 B	111 L	112 V		113 H	114 M
	115 G	116 D	117 V		118 O	119 C	120 K	121 G		122 V	123 F	124 I	125 O	126 J	127 N	
128 V	129 G		130 U		131 I	132 S	133 F	134 H		135 M	136 A		137 S	138 H	139 A	140 D
141 F	142 M	143 G	144 N		145 R	146 J	147 B	148 D	149 C	150 N	151 H	152 L		153 J	154 L	155 B
	156 P	157 D	158 M	159 N		160 A	161 V		162 R		163 N	164 B	165 D	166 T		167 A
168 D	169 F	170 H	171 I	172 B	173 K	174 N	175 E		176 J	177 Q		178 S	179 A	180 G	181 C	182 U
183 N	184 B	185 O		186 F	187 S		188 V	189 F	190 J	191 R	192 L	193 P	194 I	195 K	196 C	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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